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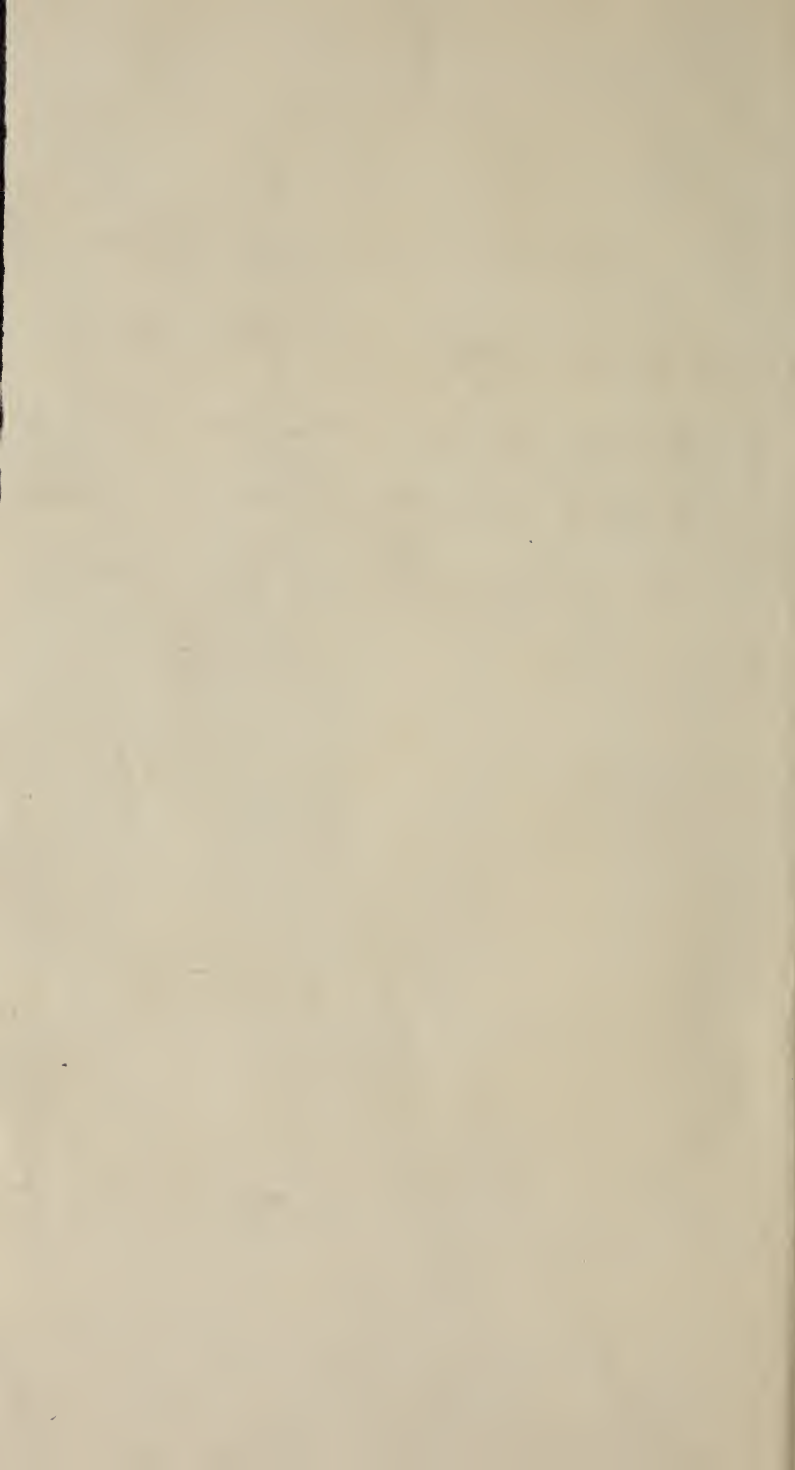


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Seneca died at Lopsal
Nov. 20th. 1773; but this play,
though pub^d in 1774, was
sent to the press in his lifetime.
See "Biographia Dramatica"

J. P. B.

Boston Public Library.



JULIUS CÆSAR,

Λ

TRAGEDY.





Act 4.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Scene 10.



J. Hayman, delin.

W. W. Ryland, sculp.

JULIUS CÆSAR,

A TRAGEDY.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

COLLATED WITH

THE OLD AND MODERN EDITIONS.

(By Charles Jennens.)



L O N D O N,

PRINTED BY W. BOWYER AND J. NICHOLS:

AND SOLD BY W. OWEN, BETWEEN THE
TEMPLE-GATES, FLEET-STREET.

MDCCLXXIV.

15-1,406

May, 1873.

Dupl. No. 3 in 2596.16.2

JULIUS CÆSAR,

A T R A G E D Y.

EDITIONS COLLATED:

The ^a Folio's, and Modern Editions.

* There appears to have been no Edition of this Play older than the first Folio.

JULIUS C. ESSAY

A. H. A. G. L. D. R.

EDITION: 1877

OF THE

OF THE

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

<i>Julius Cæsar,</i>		{	Act I. Sc. 2, 4. Act II. Sc. 4. Act III. Sc. 1, 2, 3.
<i>Octavius Cæsar,</i>	{	Triumvirs after the death of <i>Cæsar,</i>	{
<i>Mark Antony,</i>			
<i>M. Æmil. Lepidus,</i>			
<i>Cicero,</i>	{	Senators,	{
<i>Publius,</i>			
<i>Popilius Lena,</i>			
<i>Brutus,</i>	{	Conspirators against <i>Cæsar,</i>	{
<i>Cassius,</i>			
^b <i>Cæsa,</i>			
<i>Cinna,</i>			
^c <i>Decius Brutus,</i>			
<i>Metellus Cimber,</i>			
<i>Trebonius,</i>			
<i>Ligarius,</i>			
<i>Flavius,</i>	{	Tribunes,	{
^d <i>Marullus,</i>			
A Soothsayer,			{
<i>Artemidorus,</i> a Sophist,			Act II. Sc. 5. Act III. Sc. 1, 2.
<i>Cinna,</i> a Poet,			Act III. Sc. 4.
Another Poet,			Act IV. Sc. 3.

^b The fo's and R. spell this name *Cæsa*.

^c H. calls him *Decimus Brutus*; *Plutarch* Δέκιος Βρούτος, which in *H. Stephens's* Latin and in *Dacier's* French translation is render'd *Decius Brutus*.

^d The fo's, R. P. and G. call this name *Murellus*; which T. first alter'd to *Marullus*, upon the authority of *Plutarch*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Lucilius,</i>	} Friends to <i>Brutus</i> and <i>Cassius.</i>	{	Act IV. Sc. 2, 3.	Act V. Sc. 1, 3, 4, 5.
<i>Titinius,</i>			Act IV. Sc. 2, 3.	Act V. Sc. 1, 3.
<i>Messala,</i>			Act IV. Sc. 3.	Act V. Sc. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
<i>Young Cato,</i>			Act V. Sc. 3, 4.	
<i>Volumnius,</i>			Act V. Sc. 3, 5.	
<i>Lucius,</i>	} Servants to <i>Brutus,</i>	{	Act II. Sc. 1, 3, 6.	Act IV. Sc. 3.
<i>Varro,</i>			Act IV. Sc. 3.	
<i>Claudius,</i>			Act IV. Sc. 3.	
<i>Clitus,</i>			Act V. Sc. 5.	
<i>Dardanius,</i>			Act V. Sc. 5.	
<i>Strato, a Grecian,</i>			Act V. Sc. 3, 5.	
<i>Pindarus, Servant to Cassius,</i>			Act IV. Sc. 2.	Act V. Sc. 3.
Servant to <i>Cæsar,</i>			Act II. Sc. 4.	
Servant to <i>Antony,</i>			Act III. Sc. 2, 3.	
Servant to <i>Octavius,</i>			Act III. Sc. 2.	
A Carpenter,			Act I. Sc. 1.	
A Cobler.			Act I. Sc. 1.	
Other Commoners,			Act I. Sc. 1.	Act III. Sc. 3, 4.
A Messenger,			Act V. Sc. 1.	
Two Soldiers,			Act V. Sc. 4.	
<i>Calphurnia, Wife to Cæsar,</i>			Act I. Sc. 2, 4.	Act II. Sc. 4.
• <i>Portia, Wife to Brutus,</i>			Act I. Sc. 2, 4.	Act II. Sc. 3, 6.
Ghost of <i>Julius Cæsar,</i>			Act IV. Sc. 3.	

† J. *Percia.*

A SKETCH

A
S K E T C H
O F

T H E P L A Y.

A C T I.

Sc. I. **R**OME. A street. Enter *Flav.* *Mar.* a Carpenter, a Cobler, and certain other Commoners. *Flav.* and *Mar.* enquire of the Commoners, why they are got together in their best apparel, and without the signs of their trades, which they ought not, unless on a holiday. They answer, that they make holiday to see *Cæsar*, and to rejoice in his triumph. *Flav.* and *Mar.* persuade them to disperse, and go home. Exeunt Commoners. *Flav.* and *Mar.* agree to disrobe the images they shall find decked with trophies on *Cæsar's* account. Exeunt.

Sc. II. Enter *Cæsar*, *Ant.* for the Course, *Calph.* *Por. Dec.* *Cic.* *Bru.* *Cas.* *Cas.* a Soothsayer; after them *Mar.* and *Flav.* *Cæsar* bids *Ant.* touch *Calph.* in the Course; it being an opinion that the barren, so touched, would become fruitful. The Soothsayer

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

fayer calls out upon *Cæs.* to beware the ides of March. *Cæs.* calls him a dreamer, and disregards his caution. Exeunt.

Sc. III. Manent *Bru.* and *Cæs.* *Cæs.* hints to *Bru.* the growing greatness of *Cæs.* and the approaching slavery of the *Romans.* Shout within. *Bru.* expresses his fear that the people are choosing *Cæs.* for their king.

Sc. IV. Enter *Cæs.* and his train. *Cæs.* tells *Ant.* he would choose to have such men about him who are fat, sleek-headed, and who sleep o' nights: and hints that *Cæs.* and such sort of men, who are lean, and think much, are dangerous. Exeunt *Cæs.* and his train.

Sc. V. Manent *Bru.* *Cæs.* and *Cæsc.* The last informs the other two, that the crown had thrice been offered *Cæs.* which he has often refused, and that this had been the occasion of the people's shouting. Exeunt *Cæsc.* and *Bru.* *Cæs.* intends at night to throw in at *Bru.*'s window, papers written in different hands, tending to express the great opinion the *Romans* have of *Bru.* Exit.

Sc. VI. Thunder and lightning. Enter from opposite sides, *Cic.* and *Cæsc.* with his sword drawn. Talk of the dreadfulness of the night, and portentous prodigies that had appeared. That *Cæs.* is to go to the Capitol on the morrow. Exit *Cic.*

Sc. VII. To *Cæsc.* enter *Cæs.* *Cæsc.* informs *Cæs.* that it is reported the Senators intend on the morrow to establish *Cæs.* as a king. *Cæs.* discloses to *Cæsc.* a conspiracy that he had formed with others against *Cæs.* into which *Cæsc.* readily enters.

Sc. VIII.

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

Sc. VIII. To them enter *Cin.* who tells *Cæs.* that the Conspirators are waiting for him at *Pompey's* porch. *Cæs.* hopes to make *Bru.* of their party. Exeunt.

A C T II.

Sc. I. *Brutus's* Garden. Enter *Bru.* who calls and awakens *Luc.* Enter *Luc.* whom *Bru.* orders to light a taper in his study. Exit *Luc.* *Bru.* in a soliloquy resolves that, for the welfare of *Rome*, *Cæs.* must die. Enter *Luc.* who gives *Bru.* a letter he had found in the study. Exit *Luc.* *Bru.* reads the letter, which is written to stir up *Bru.* against *Cæs.* Enter *Luc.* who brings word that *Cæs.* and others muffled up are at the door. *Bru.* orders them to be admitted. Exit *Luc.*

Sc. II. To *Bru.* enter *Cæs.* *Cæc.* *Dec.* *Cin.* *Met.* and *Treb.* They determine to assassinate *Cæs.* A proposal is made to cut off *M. Ant.* also, which is over-ruled by *Cæs.* It is proposed to engage *C. Lig.* in the conspiracy, for which purpose *Met.* is desired to call on him, and send him to *Bru.* Exeunt all but *Bru.*

Sc. III. To *Bru.* enter *Por.* who, from the unwonted gloominess and irregularity of *Bru.'s* behaviour, suspects some hidden grief to lie upon his mind; and conjures him to impart it to her; adding, that although she is a woman, yet being the daughter of *Cato* and wife of *Bru.* she is able to keep a secret; and that, to prove her patience and constancy, she had
given

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

given herself a wound in the thigh. Knocking within. *Bru.* bids *Por.* retire, and promises to unfold to her all the secrets of his heart. Exit *Por.* Enter *Luc.* bringing in *Lig.* who is sick. Exit *Luc.* *Lig.* declares that (though sick) if *Bru.* have any honourable exploit in hand, he is ready to engage in it. *Bru.* tells him, he will open the business to him, as they walk. Exeunt.

Sc. IV. *Cæsar's* palace. Thunder and lightning. Enter *J. Cæf.* in his night-gown. *Cal.'s* disturbed sleep. Enter a Servant, whom *Cæf.* sends to the priests to bid them do sacrifice. Enter *Cal.* who, from the prodigies that had appeared, endeavours to dissuade *Cæf.* from going to the capitol. Enter Servant, who brings word that the augurs, plucking forth the entrails of an offering, found no heart in the beast, and advise *Cæf.* not to go to the capitol. *Cæf.* notwithstanding these prodigies, from the principle of courage, maintains his determination of going; till, farther conjured by *Cal.* he at length consents that *M. Ant.* shall make his excuse to the Senate for not attending them. Enter *Dec.* whom *Cæf.* informs of his having been persuaded by *Cal.* on account of a frightful dream she had, not to go to the capitol. But *Dec.* by giving a fortunate interpretation of the dream, and informing *Cæf.* that the Senate have concluded to present him with a crown, induces him to go. Enter *Bru.* *Lig.* and *Casc.* *Treb. Cin.* and *Pub.* and soon after *Ant.* as to attend him to the capitol. *Cæf.* invites them to drink some wine with him before they go. Exeunt.

Sc. V.

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

Sc. V. The street. Enter *Artemid.* reading a paper of his own writing, wherein he bids *Cæs.* beware of the conspirators, and inserts their names. This paper he intends to give *Cæs.* as he passes to the capitol. Exit.

Sc. VI. Enter *Por.* and *Luc.* and a while after a Soothsayer, who intends to caution *Cæs.* as he passes to the capitol. This scene exhibits the terror of *Por.* on account of the approaching attempt, and her anxiety for the success of it.

A C T III.

Sc. I. The street near the capitol. Flourish. Enter *Cæs.* *Bru. Cas. Casc. Dec. Met. Treb. Cin. Ant. Lep. Art. Pop.* and Soothsayer. *Cæs.* tells the Soothsayer that the ides of *March* are come; to which the Soothsayer answers, Ay, but not gone. *Art.* and *Dec.* offer papers to *Cæs.* to read; *Art.* bids *Cæs.* not to delay reading his, as it nearly concerns himself (*Cæs.*) *Cæs.* answers that what regards himself shall be last considered. *Cæs.* asks why they urge their petitions in the street, and bids them come to the Capitol. Exeunt.

Sc. II. The capitol. The senate sitting. Enter *Cæs.* and the rest, as in the foregoing Scene. After *Cæs.* has taken his seat, *Met.* goes towards him, and being followed by the conspirators (who range themselves about *Cæs.*) he petitions for the repealing his banished brother *Pub. Cimber*, and is backed by
Cæs.

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

Cæs. Cin. and *Dec.* But *Cæs.* persisting to reject the petition, the Conspirators stab *Cæs.* and cry out, Liberty! &c. Exeunt all but Conspirators. They besmear their arms and swords in *Cæs.*'s blood. Enter a servant from *Ant.* to know if his master may with safety speak with the conspirators; and being answered in the affirmative, exit Servant to fetch his master. Enter *Ant.* who apparently enters into league with the Conspirators, and gets permission of them to make an oration in praise of *Cæs.* over his dead body in the market-place. Exeunt all but *Ant.* Enter *Octavius's* servant, with advice that his master is on the way to *Rome.* Exeunt, with the body of *Cæs.*

Sc. III. The Forum. Enter *Bru. Cæs.* and the Plebeians. The Plebeians are clamorous for satisfaction about the murder of *Cæs.* *Bru.* promises to give them good reasons for the deed, provided they will give him audience; and bids *Cæs.* go into the other street, and harangue, that so the numbers may be parted. Exit *Cæs.* with some of the Plebeians. *Bru.* goes into the pulpit, and tells them that *Cæs.* was cut off for his ambition, and that the liberties of the people might be preserved. The Plebeians applaud *Bru.* and are for carrying him home in triumph to his house; but he persuades them to stay and hear the funeral oration on *Cæs.* to be spoken by *Ant.* who enters with the body. Exit *Bru.* *Ant.* by his artful speech stirs the Plebeians to love and pity for *Cæs.* and hatred and rage against the Conspirators. Exeunt Plebeians, to burn *Cæs.*'s body, and with a resolution to set fire to the houses of the Conspirators.

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tors. Enter a Servant, who brings *Ant.* word that *Oct.* is already come to *Rome*; and that *Bru.* and *Cas.* were seen to ride like madmen through the gates. Exeunt.

Sc. IV. A street. Enter *Cin.* the poet, and after him the Plebeians, who enquire his name, place of abode, &c. He tells them his name is *Cinna*, but that he is not *Cinna* the conspirator, but *Cinna* the poet. Nevertheless, as his name is *Cinna*, they determine to tear him to pieces. Exeunt.

A C T IV.

Sc. I. Enter *Ant.* *Oct.* and *Lep.* They agree to proscribe and cut off certain enemies to their cause. *Ant.* proposes to reduce some legacies in *Cæs.*'s will, and sends *Lep.* to *Cæs.*'s house for the will. Exit *Lep.* *Ant.*'s slight opinion of *Lep.* As *Bru.* and *Cas.* are levying powers, *Ant.* is for making immediate preparations against them. Exeunt.

Sc. II. In the camp near *Sardis*; before *Bru.*'s tent. Enter *Bru.* *Lucil.* *Tit.* *Pin.* and Soldiers. *Pin.* comes to present salutations to *Bru.* from *Cas.* who is at hand. March. Enter *Cas.* He and *Bru.* begin to altercation; but *Bru.* objecting to their falling out in the presence of the soldiers, they withdraw to the inside of the tent. Exeunt.

Sc. III. Within the tent. Enter *Bru.* and *Cas.* Their altercation and reconciliation. Hearing the high words between them, enter a poet, who reprehends them; but is turn'd out. Enter *Lucil.* and *Tit.*
who

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who receive orders to fetch *Mef.* *Bru.* acquaints *Casf.* that *Portia* is dead, by swallowing fire. Enter *Luc.* with wine and tapers. *Bru.* in token of reconciliation, drinks to *Casf.* and is pledged by him. Enter *Tit.* and *Mef.* Letters are arrived, which advise that a great number of the senators are put to death, *Cicero* being one; and that *Oct.* and *Ant.* are coming with a mighty power and great expedition towards *Philippi.* It is agreed that *Bru.*'s army meet them there. Exit *Luc.* to fetch *Bru.*'s gown. Exeunt *Casf.* *Tit.* and *Mef.* bidding *Bru.* Good night. Enter *Luc.* with the gown. *Bru.* orders him to call *Clau.* and some other of his men, to sleep in the tent upon cushions. Enter *Var.* and *Clau.* who retire to sleep. *Luc.* playing on an instrument of music, falls asleep. *Bru.* reads. Enter the Ghost of *Cæs.* who tells *Bru.* that he shall see him again at *Philippi.* Ghost vanishes. *Bru.* wakes *Luc.* *Var.* and *Clau.* and sends the two last to *Casf.* to bid him march forwards with his troops. Exeunt,

A C T V.

Sc. I. The plains of *Philippi.* Enter *Oct.* *Ant.* and their army. To them enter a Messenger with advice that *Bru.*'s army is approaching. Enter *Bru.* *Casf.* and their army, *Luc.* *Tit.* *Mef.* and others attending. Parley between the two parties. Exeunt *Oct.* *Ant.* and their army, as for the engagement. Farewel between *Bru.* and *Casf.* at their parting to command their several troops. Exeunt.

Sc. II.

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Sc. II. The field of battle. Alarums of a battle join'd.
Enter *Bru.* and *Mef.* *Bru.* perceiving advantage to lie against *Oct.*'s wing, sends *Mef.* with orders for a sudden attack. *Exeunt.*

Sc. III. Another part of the field. Alarums. Enter *Cas.* and *Tit.* *Cas.*'s troops are worsted, and fly. *Tit.* is of opinion that *Bru.* too eagerly took the advantage *Oct.*'s troops had given, and gave the word too soon. Enter *Pin.* who brings word that *Ant.*'s troops have broke into *Cas.*'s tents, and begs him to fly. *Cas.* sends *Tit.* to see whether certain troops at a distance are friends or enemies. Exit *Tit.* *Cas.* bids *Pin.* go to the top of a hill, and observe what passes in the field. *Pin.* ascends the hill, and from thence tells *Cas.* that he perceives *Tit.* enclosed with horsemen, and that he is taken by them. Enter *Pin.* whom *Cas.* in a fit of despair, commands to kill him. *Pin.* obeys. *Cas.* dies. Exit *Pin.* Enter *Tit.* and *Mef.* It appears that *Oct.* is beaten by *Bru.* as *Cas.* is by *Ant.* Seeking *Cas.* to communicate these tidings to him, they find him dead; and judge that, mistaking the horsemen *Tit.* was surrounded with (and who were friends), for enemies who had taken *Tit.* he had put an end to his life. *Tit.* after having crowned the dead *Cas.* with a wreath of victory which *Bru.* had sent to him, kills himself. Enter *Bru.* *Mef.* young *Cato*, *Strato*, *Vol.* and *Lucil.* They find the dead bodies, and lament over them; but determine to try their fortune in a second engagement.

Sc. IV. Another part of the field. Alarum. Enter, fighting, soldiers of both armies; then *Bru.* *Mef.* *Cato*,

B

and

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

and *Lucil.* *Cato* charges the retiring enemy in one part, *Bru.* in another: the party charged by *Cato* rallies, and *Cato* falls. *Lucil.* is taken prisoner. Enter *Ant.* who gives orders that *Lucil.* be kept safe; and that search be made for *Bru.*

Sc. V. Another part of the field. Enter *Bru.* *Dar.* *Cli.* *Stra.* and *Vol.* *Bru.* finding himself conquered, determines to put an end to his life, and for that purpose begs the assistance of *Cli.* *Dar.* and *Vol.* who deny his request. Alarums. A cry within, "Fly, fly, fly." *Bru.* takes leave of his friends, who exeunt as flying. *Bru.* bids *Stra.* hold his sword while he runs on it. *Stra.* obeys. *Bru.* dies. Alarums. Retreat. Enter *Oct.* *Ant.* and their army, *Lucil.* and *Mes.* They find the body of *Bru.* and *Stra.* acquaints them how he died. *Ant.* praises *Bru.* as the worthiest of all the conspirators; who, while the rest conspired against *Cæs.* for envy, had merely an intention for the general good. *Oct.* orders that his body be treated with all respect and rites of burial, and be, for the night, laid in his (*Oct.*'s) tent. Exeunt omnes.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

^a *Rome.* ^b *A Street.*

^c *Enter* Flavius, Marullus, ^d *a Carpenter,* ^d *a Cbler,* and
certain other Commoners.

Flavius.

HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home:

Is this a holy-day? What, know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade are thou?

Carp. Why Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir, what trade are you?

^a *Rome* first inserted by R.

^b *A street* first added by T.

^c C directs, *Enter a rabble of citizens;* the editions before.

Flavius and Murellus, *driving them.*

^d These two characters not particularly mentioned, in the entrance, by

Cob. Truly, fir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cob. A trade, fir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, fir, a mender of bad ^e *foals*.

^f *Mar.* What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, fir, be not out with me; yet if you be out, fir, I can mend you.

^g *Mar.* What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saivcy fellow?

Cob. Why, fir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, fir, *all* that I live by is ^h with the *awl*: I meddle with no ⁱ tradesman's matters, nor ^k women's ^l matters, but with *awl*. I am indeed, fir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I ^m *re-cover* them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

^e First and 2d fo's, *soules*; 3d, *souls*.

^f All but C. give this speech to *Flavius*.

^g T. H. and W. give this speech to *Flavius*.

^h All but fo's omit *with*.

ⁱ For *tradesman's* H. reads *man's*; W. *tradesmen's*.

^k So the first f. and C; the rest, *woman's*.

^l All the editions before C. read and stop thus, *matters*; but *withal*, (*with-all* or *with-all*) I am, &c. C. thus, *matters*; but *with all*. I am, &c.

^m The fo's, R, T. and J. recover for *re-cover*.

Cob.

Cob. Truly, fir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work.

But indeed, fir, we make holy-day to see *Cæsar*, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of *Rome*,
Knew you not *Pompey*? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea to chimney tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great *Pompey* pass the streets of *Rome*:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That *Tyber* trembled underneath ⁿ his banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in ⁿ his concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out ^o a holy-day?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes ^p in triumph over *Pompey's* blood?
Be gone—
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

ⁿ The fo's, *her* for *his*.

rest, -*an* for *a*.

• So the three first fo's and C; the

^p After comes *H*, inserts *to Rome*.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for ^a this fault,
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
 Draw them to ^r *Tyber*'s banks, and weep your tears
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream,
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Exeunt Commoners.*
 See ^u whe'r their basest ^w metal be not mov'd;
 They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the capitol;
 This way will I: disrobe the images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ^x ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of *Lupercal*.

Flav. ^y It is no matter, let ^z no images
 Be hung with *Cæsar's* trophies. I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluckt from *Cæsar's* wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
 Who else would ^a soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness, [*Exeunt* ^b *severally*.

^a T.'s duodecimo, *W.* and *J.* that for
 this.

^r T.'s duodecimo, *H. W.* and *J.*
Tyber's.

^s So the fo's and *C*; the rest, *bank*.

^t The fo's, [*Exeunt all the common-
 ers.*

^u The fo's, *R.* and *P.* *where*; *T. W.*
 and *J.* *where*; but *where*, as *H.* and
C. read, is the most proper abbreviation
 of *whether*, the word here

^w All but *J.* and *C.* *mettle*.

^x *Ceremonies*, for religious ornaments.

Thus afterwards he explains them by
Cæsar's trophies; i. e. such as he had de-
 dicated to the gods. *W.*

^y 'Tis for *It is*.

^z Second f. *on* for *no*.

^a Two last fo's, *fore*.

^b *severally* first added by *T.* but omit-
 ted again by *C.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a Soothsayer; ^d after them Marullus and Flavius.

Cæs. Calphurnia.

Cæs. Peace ho! Cæsar speaks ^e.

Cæs. Calphurnia.

Calp. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in ^f Antonio's way, When he doth run his course.—^f Antonio.

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not in your speed, ^f Antonio, To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say, The barren, touched in this holy chafe, Shake off their steril ^g curse.

Ant. I shall remember.

When Cæsar says, Do this, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out ^h.

^c C describes the scene, *A public place;* and directs, *Enter, in solemn procession, with music, &c.* Cæsar, Antony, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, &c. *a great crowd following; Soothsayer in the crowd.*

^d None after P. direct *Marullus and Flavius* to enter.

^e Here C. directs [*Music ceases.*]

^f P. alters *Antonio's* to *Antonius*, and *Antonio* to *Antonius*; and is followed by all but C. But why might not *Shakespeare* make use of the *Italian* as well as the *Latin* name?

^g So the *fo's*, T. W. J. and C; the rest, *course* for *curse*.

^h Here C. directs [*Music; and the procession moves.*]

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæf. Ha! Who calls?

Cæs. Bid every noise be still;—Peace yet againⁱ.

Cæf. Who is it in the prefs that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry, *Cæsar*: Speak, *Cæsar* is turn'd to hear,

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæf. What man is that?

Bru. A soothfayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæf. Set him before me, let me see his face.

^k *Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon Cæsar.*

Cæf. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæf. He is a dreamer, let us leave him: Pass.

[^l *Sennet. Exeunt,*

S C E N E III.

Manent Brutus and Cassius.

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you do.

*Bru. I am not gamefome; I do lack fome part
Of that quick fpirit that is in Antony:*

ⁱ Here C. directs [*Music ceases.*

^k J. gives this fpeech to *Cæfa.*

^l So the three firft fo's and J; the

4th f. *Senate*; C. *Mufick*, for *Sennet*;

the reft omit *Sennet.* J. fays here, that
Sennet appears to be a particular tune or
mode of martial music.

Let me not hinder, *Cassius*, your desires;

I'll leave you.

Cas. *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And shew of love, as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your ^m friend that loves you.

Bru. *Cassius*,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Meerly upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my ⁿ behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
(Among which number, *Cassius*, be you one)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor *Brutus*, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cas. Then, *Brutus*, I have much mistook your passion,
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good *Brutus*, can you see your face?

Bru. No, *Cassius*; for the eye sees not ^o itself,
But by reflection, ^p by some other things.

^m So the 1st f. *T. H. W. J.* and *C*; *behaviour*,
the 2d and 3d f. *friends that loves you*; ^o The three last fo's, *himself* for it-
the 4th f. *R.* and *P.* *friends that love* *self*.

^p So the fo's, *R.* and *C*; the rest read

ⁿ So the fo's, *J.* and *C*; the rest, *be-* *fiar* for *by*.

Cas. 'Tis just :

And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard
Where many of the best respect in *Rome*,
Except immortal *Cæsar*, speaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this age's yolk,
Have wish'd that noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, *Cassius*?
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear :
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which ^a yet you know not of,
And be not jealous ^r on me, gentle *Brutus* ;
Were I a common ^s laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,

^a The two first fo's, *you yet for yet*
you.

^r So the fo's ; the rest, *of for on.*

^s The fo's and R.'s octavo read *laugh-*
ter, which Mr. *Seward*, in his notes on
Blaumont and *Fletcher*, (Note 10 of the
Faithful Shepherdess) thinks a stronger
word to express a low buffoon than
laughèr. " But (says *Heath* in loc.) he

seems to have misunderstood the drift of
the poet ; a low buffoon, who is com-
monly laughed at, is not the idea he in-
tended, but one who, without regard to
friendship or any other consideration,
abuses the indulgent confidence of his
friends, in order to expose them to the
laughter of the first company he comes
into."

And

And after scandal them; or if you know,
That I profess ^t myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [^u *Shout within.*]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Chuse *Cæsar* for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, *Cassius*; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' th' other,
And I will look on ^w both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour, more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but ^x for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as *Cæsar*, so were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

^t The three last fo's omit *myself*. *W.* in loc. *Upton's Critical Observa-*

^u All but *G.* direct [*Flourish and shout.*] *tions*, 2d edit. p. 314; and *Heath's*
Revised in loc.

^w *T. H. W.* and *J.* read *death* for ^x The three last fo's omit *for*.
both. This is *W.*'s emendation. See

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled *Tyber* ^y chafing with ^z his shores,
Cæsar ^a said to me, Dar'st thou, *Cassius*, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point? Upon the word,
^b Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And ^c bad him follow: so indeed he did.
 The torrent roar'd; and ^d we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy:
^e But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, Help me, *Cassius*, or I sink.
 I, as *Æneas*, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of *Troy* upon his shoulder
 The old *Anchises* bear, so, from the waves of *Tyber*,
 Did I the tired *Cæsar*: And this man
 Is now become a god; and *Cassius* is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If *Cæsar* carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a ^f fever when he was in *Spain*,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake; 'tis true this god did shake.
 His coward lips did from their colour fly;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,

^y The 2d and 3d fo's, *chafing*.

^c P.'s duodecimo, *T. W.* and *J.* bid

^z The fo's read *her* for *his*.

for *bad*.

^a All but first f. and *C.* says for
said.

^d 's duodecimo, *be* for *we*.

^e R.'s octavo reads, *But e'er we could*

^b The three last fo's, *Accounted* for
Accounted.

we arrive, &c.

^f Second f. *fever*.

Did ^g lose ^h his lustre; I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bad the *Romans*
 Mark him, and ⁱ write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cry'd, Give me some drink, *Titinius*,
 As a sick girl. Ye gods it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone.

[^k *Shout.*

Bru. Another general shout!
 I do believe, that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on *Cæsar*.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a *Colossus*; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at ^l some time are masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and *Cæsar*:—What should be in that *Cæsar*?
 Why should that name be founded more than yours?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with ^m 'emⁿ,

^g The three first *fo's*, loose.

^l So the *fo's* and *G*; the rest, *some*

^h *So* all before *P*; he and all after, *times*.

^k *s*'s for *his*.

^m *C.* *them* for 'em.

ⁱ The two last *fo's*, *writ* for *write*.

ⁿ The two last *fo's* add *man* after

^k All editions but *G.* to *Shout* add 'em.

Flourish.

Brutus

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar*. —

[^o *Shouts*

Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our *Cæsar* feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,
That her wide ^p walls incompast but one man?
^a Now is it *Rome* indeed, and room enough
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th' ^r eternal devil to keep his state in *Rome*,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous
What ^s you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
^t I would not, so with love I might intreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said

^o It is said in the fifth scene that the people shouted thrice; but we have no direction in any edition for any more than two shouts: This seems the most proper place for the third shout, which I look upon to be the occasion of the sudden apostrophe, *Now in the names of all the gods*, &c.

^p The fo's, *walks* for *walls*.

^a *P.* and *H.* omit the two following lines in their text, but preserve them in the margin.

^r *J.* thinks that our author wrote rather, *infernal devil*.

^s *R.*'s octavo, *would you for you would*.

^t The fo's, *R.* and *P.* point as follows, *I would not so (with love I might intreat you) &c.*

I will

I will confider ; what you have to fay,
 I will with patience hear ; and find a time
 * Both meet to hear, and answer fuch high things.
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this ;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himfelf a fon of *Rome*,
 Under w fuch hard conditions, as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

Caf. I am glad that my weak words
 Have ftruck but thus much fhew of fire from *Brutus*.

SCENE IV.

Enter Cæfar and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and *Cæfar* is returning.

Caf. As they pafs by, pluck *Casca* by the fleeve,
 And he will, after his four fafhion, tell you
 What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do fo.—But look you, *Caffius*,
 The angry fpot doth * glow on *Cæfar's* brow,
 And all the reft look like a chidden train :
Calphurnia's cheek is pale ; and *Cicero*
 Looks with fuch ferret and fuch fiery eyes,
 As we have feen him in the capitol
 Being croft in conference y by fome fenateors.

* *R.* But for *Both*.

w The fo's, *theſe* for *ſuſe*.

* The three laſt fo's and *R.*'s octavo,
blow for *glow*.

y *R. P.* and *H.* read *with* for *by*.

Caf.

Cæs. *Casca* will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. ^z *Antonio*.

Ant. *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat,

[^a *To Ant. apart.*

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :

^b Yond *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look,

He thinks too much ; such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, *Cæsar*, he 's not dangerous ;
He is a noble *Roman*, and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter ! but I fear ^c him not ;
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid,
So soon as that spare *Cassius*. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays
As thou dost, *Antony* ; he hears no music ;
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
^d Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear ; for always I am *Cæsar*.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

[^e *Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.*

^z P. T. H. W. and J. *Antonius* for *Antonio*.

^a This direction first put in by J.

^b C. *Yon.*

^c The last f. m for him.

^d So the fo's and C ; the rest, *Whiff*.

^e The fo's, *Scenit.* *Exeunt*, &c.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Manent Brutus, Cassius, and Casca.

Casc. You pull'd me by the cloak ; would you speak with me ?

Bru. Ay, *Casca* ; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That *Cæsar* looks so sad.

Casc. Why, you were with him, were you not ?

Bru. I should not then ask *Casca* what had chanc'd.

Casc. Why, there was a crown offer'd him ; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus ; and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for ?

Casc. Why, for that too.

Casc. They shouted thrice ; what was the last cry for ?

Casc. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice ?

Casc. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other ; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Casc. Who offer'd him the crown ?

Casc. Why, *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Casca*.

Casc. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it ;
It ' was meer foolery, I did not mark it. I saw *Mark*

† The three last fo's, were for wais.

Antony offer him a crown; yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still, as he refus'd it, the rabblement ^g hooted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the crown, that it had almost choaked *Cæsar*; for he ^h swooned, and fell down at it; and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But soft I pray you; what, did *Cæsar* ⁱ swoon?

Casf. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like, he hath the falling-sickness.

Casf. No, *Cæsar* hath it not, but you and I,
And honest *Casf*; we have the falling-sickness.

Casf. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure *Cæsar* fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd and displeas'd them, as they ^k use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casf. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluckt me

^g The three first fo's, *booted*; the fourth f. R. P. T. and W. *hooted*; H, *hoated*.

^h The fo's, *swooned*.

ⁱ The fo's, *fwoound*.

^k T. W. and J, *used*.

ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut; ¹an I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at ^ma word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues; and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cry'd, Alas, good soul! and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæsar* had ⁿstab'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came thus sad away?

Cæs. Ay.

Cæs. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Cæs. Ay, he spoke *Greek*.

Cæs. To what effect?

Cæs. Nay, ° an I tell you that, I 'll ne'er look you i' th' face again. But those that understood him simil'd at one another; and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more news too: *Marullus* and *Flavius*, for pulling scarfs off *Cæsar's* images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cæs. Will you sup with me to-night, *Cæsa*?

Cæs. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cæs. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

¹ The fo's and R. and; P. and H. if for an. ⁿ The 2d and 3d fo's, stab'd for stab'd.

^m H. his for a.

° The fo's and R. and; P. and H. if for a.

Cæs. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner ^p worth the eating.

Cæs. Good; I will expect you.

Cæs. Do so. Farewell both.

[*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school,

Cæs. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form,
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better ^q appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you ^r:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cæs. I will do so: till then, think of the world.

[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, *Brutus*, thou art noble; yet I see
Thy honourable ^s mettle may be wrought
From ^t that it is dispos'd; therefore ^u'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves *Brutus*.

^p All but the *fo*'s and *C.* insert *le*
before *worth*.

^q So the first *f.* *T. W. J.* and *C.*; the
rest, *appetites*.

^r *C.* inserts *Cæsar* after *you*.

^s The three last *fo*'s, *T. H. W. J.*
and *C. metal*.

^t *P.* and all after but *H.* and *C. what*
for *that*.

^u First *f.* it is for *'tis*.

^w If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
^x He should not humour me. I will this night,
 In several hands, in at his windows throw,
 As if they came from several citizens,
 Writings, all tending to the great opinion
 That *Rome* holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at.
 And after this, let *Cæsar* feat him sure;
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, ^y from opposite Sides, *Cicero*,
 and *Casca*, ^z with his sword drawn ^a.

Cic. Good even, *Casca*; brought you *Cæsar* home?
 Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
 Shakes like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*,

^w *If I were Brutus now, and he were* *mont and Fletcher, Vol. IV. p. 179. ex-*
Cassius, *He should not humour me.* —] This *plains this passage differently; viz. Were*
(says W.) is a reflexion on *Brutus's* *I in Brutus's case, and as much loved by*
ingratitude; which concludes, as is *Cæsar, He [viz. Cæsar] with all his fa-*
usual on such occasions, in an encomium *vours, should not humour me out of my*
on his own better conditions. If I were *principles.*
Brutus, (says he) and Brutus, Cassius, ^x *H. reads, Cæsar should not love me,*
be should not cajole me as I do him. To *for, He should not humour me.*
humour signifies here to turn and wind ^y *from opposite sides, put in by C.*
him, by inflaming his passions. W. ^z *with his sword drawn, first added*
But Mr. Seward in his notes on Beau- *by R.*
mont and Fletcher, Vol. IV. p. 179. ex- ^a *T. W. and J. add, miseng him.*

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen
 Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
 To be exalted with the threatening clouds :
 But never 'till to-night, never 'till now,
 Did I go through a ^b tempest dropping fire.
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven ;
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful ?

Cæs. A common slave (you know him well by sight)
 Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
 Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
 Besides, (I ^c ha' not since put up my sword)
 Against the capitol I met a lion,
 Who ^d glar'd upon me, and went ^e surly by
 Without annoying me. And there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
 Transformed with their fear ; who swore, they saw
 Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets,
 And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
 Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
^f Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
 These are their reasons, they are natural ;

^b The fo's. *Tempest-dropping-fire.* be gaz'd.

^c C. *have* for *ha*.

^e The 2d and 3d fo's, *surely* for *surly*.

^d The fo's and R.'s octavo, *glaz'd* ;

^f So J. and C; the three first fo's,
 from which reading J. supposes it might *howling*, the rest, *hooting*.

For I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes *Cæsar* to the capitol to-morrow ?

Cæsc. He doth ; for he did bid * *Antonio*
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, *Cæscæ* ; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Cæsc. Farewell, *Cicero*.

[*Exit Cicero.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter Cassius.

Cæs. Who 's there ?

Cæsc. A Roman.

Cæs. *Cæscæ*, by your voice.

Cæs. Your ear is good. *Cassius*, what night is this ?

Cæs. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Cæs. Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

Cæs. Those that have known the earth so full of faults,
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night ;
And thus unbraced, *Cæscæ*, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

* *P.* and all after, except *C. Antonio*.

Cæs. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cæs. You are dull, *Cæsca*; and those sparks of life
^h That should be in a *Roman*, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind,
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven ⁱ hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning,
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, *Cæsca*, name ^k to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and ^l roars,
As doth the lion in the capitol;
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as ^m these strange eruptions are.

^h C. *Which for That.*

ⁱ T. alters *hath* to *has*; followed by
W; and Y.

^k C. omits *to*.

^l The three last fo's, *tears for roars*.

^m Second f. *these*.

Cæs. 'Tis *Cæsar* that you mean; is it not, *Cassius*?

Cas. Let it be who it is: For *Romans* now
Have ^a thewes and limbs like to their ancestors;
But woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance shew us womanish.

Cæs. Indeed they ^o say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish *Cæsar* as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in *Italy*.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver *Cassius*:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to disengage itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure ^p.

Cæs. So can I.
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

^a The two last fo's read *sinews* for *strength*; which is right.

thewes. ^p. explains *thewes* by *manners* or
capacities; ^{T.} by *muscles, sinews, or bodily*

^o *R.*'s octavo omits *say*.

^p Here the fo's direct [*Thunder still*].

Cæs.

Cæs. And why should *Cæsar* be a tyrant then?
 Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
 But that he sees the *Romans* are but sheep;
 He were no lion, were not *Romans* hinds.
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
 Begin it with weak straws. What trash is *Rome*,
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate
 So vile a thing as *Cæsar*! But, ^a oh grief,
 Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
 Before a willing bondman: then I know
 My answer must be made: But I am arm'd
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

Cæsc. You speak to *Cæscæ*, and to such a man,
 That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:
 Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,
 As who goes farthest.

Cæs. There's a bargain made.
 Now know you, *Cæscæ*, I have mov'd already
 Some certain of the noblest-minded *Romans*,
 To undergo, with me, an enterprize
 Of honourable dangerous consequence;
 And I do know, by this, they stay for me
 In *Pompey's* porch: For now, this fearful night,

^a C. c.

shall be called to account, and must an-

My answer must be made,—] I swear as for seditious words. J.

There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the ⁶ element
⁷ Is fev'rous, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Cinna.

Cas. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. — *Cinna*, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? *Metellus Cimber*?

Cas. No it is *Casca*; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, *Cinna*?

Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night ^u is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? ^w tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O *Cassius*, ^x if you could but win the noble *Brutus*
To our party —

Cas. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the Prætor's chair,

⁶ W. *elements*.

ment in *complexion's* (or, is *complexion'd*)
like the work, &c.

⁷ For *Is fev'rous*, the 1st and 2d fo's
read *Is Favours*, the 3d and 4th, *Is Fa-*
vours, J. In *favour's*, C. *Is favour'd*.
According to these two last editors (as
favour must here signify *complexion*) we
shall read, And the *complexion* of the ele-

^u The three last fo's omit *this*.

^w Between *for* ? and *tell* C. inserts
Cinna.

^x P. alters this to, *could you win*, &c.
followed by all the editors after, except
J. and C.

Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw this
 In at his window; set this up with wax
 Upon old *Brutus*' statue: All this done,
 Repair to *Pompey*'s porch, where you shall find us.
 Is *Decius Brutus*, and *Trebonius* there?

Cin. All but *Metellus Cimber*; and he's gone
 To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
 And so bestow these papers as you bad me.

Cas. That done, repair to *Pompey*'s theatre. [*Exit Cinna.*
 Come, *Casca*, you and I will, yet ere day,
 See *Brutus* at his house; three parts of him.
 ' Is ours already; and the man entire,
 Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Cas. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
 And that which would appear offence in us,
 His countenance, like richest alchymy,
 Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
 You have right well conceited. Let us go,
 For it is after midnight; and ere day,
 We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

y H. Arc for Is.

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

² Brutus's Garden.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. **W**HAT, *Lucius*, ho!—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,

Give guess how near to day.—*Lucius*, I say!

I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—

When, *Lucius*, when? awake, I say! what, *Lucius*!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, *Lucius*:

When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and for my part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,

But for the general. He would be crown'd:—

How that might change his nature, there's the question.

² The fo's, *Enter Brutus in his orchard.*

It

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him—that—
 And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
 That at his will he may do danger with.
 The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
^a Remorse from power: And to speak truth of *Cæsar*,
 I have not known, when his affections sway'd
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
 But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend: So *Cæsar* may:—
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
^b Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities:
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 (Which hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous)
 And kill him in the shell.

^a *Remorse*, for mercy. *W.*—*Remorse* and says, The sense is this; Since our signifies the conscious uneasiness arising quarrel to *Cæsar* will admit of no pretext, if we found it on the character in from a sense of having done wrong; to which he hath hitherto appeared, we extinguish which feeling, nothing hath must represent it in this light, that if so great a tendency as absolute uncontrouled power. *Heath* in loc. he should augment his power, which is the point he is evidently driving at, he would certainly run into these and these extremities, &c. *Heath* in loc.

^b The metaphor from the wardrobe, when the excellence of the *fashion* makes out for the defect of the *colour*. *W.*— But *Heath* condemns this note of *W.*

Enter

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, fir,
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure,
It did not lye there, when I went to bed.

[Gives him the letter,

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ^c ides of *March*?

Luc. I know not, fir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, fir.

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter, and reads.

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

^a *Shall Rome—Speak, strike, redress.*

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake—

Such instigations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up.

^c *Shall Rome—Thus must I piece it out;*

Shall *Rome* stand under one man's awe? What, *Rome*?

My ancestors did from the streets of *Rome*

The *Tarquin* drive when he was call'd a king.

^c The fo's, *R.* and *P.* read *first* for the *ides* of *March*, as he supposed. For *ides*.—We should read *ides*: For we can never suppose the speaker to have lost fourteen days in his account. He is here plainly ruminating on what the soothsayer told *Cæsar* in his presence: [*—Beware the ides of March.*] The boy comes back and says, *Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.* So that the morrow was

the *ides* of *March*, as he supposed. For *March, May, July* and *October* had six *nones* each, so that the 15th of *March* was the *ides* of that month. *W.*

^d The fo's read, *Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out.*

^e The fo's, *Shall Rome, &c.* Thus must I piece it out.

Speak,

Speak, strike, redress—^f Am I entreated
To speak, and strike?—O *Rome*, I make ^s thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou ^h receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, *March* is wasted ⁱ fourteen days. [*Knock within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate, somebody knocks.

[^k *Exit Luc.*

Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

ⁱ The genius, and the mortal instruments,

Are

^f *P.* alters thus, *Am I entreated then*,
&c. followed by the rest, except *J.* and
C.

^g The 2d and 3d fo's, *the for thee.*

^h So the fo's and *C*; the rest, *re-*
ceiv'st.

ⁱ The fo's, *R.* and *P.* read *fifteen*
days.—It was wasted but fourteen days;
this was the dawn of the 15th, when
the boy made his report. *T.*

^k This direction first put in by *T.*

^l *W.* says, "Kingdoms, in the Pagan
theology, besides their *good*, had their
evil genius's, likewise; represented
here, with the most daring stretch of
fancy, as sitting in consultation with
the conspirators, whom he calls their
mortal instruments." But *Heath* says,
"By the *genius*, is meant the presiding

"ruling principle in the human mind,
"the *ἡγεμονία* of the Stoicks, the ra-
"tional and immortal part. By the
"mortal instruments, I understand the
"whole tribe of passions, affections,
"and emotions, the subordinate powers
"of the human constitution, termed
"mortal, because they were supposed to
"be so, as deriving their origin from
"the mortal body, and in great mea-
"sure depending upon it for their con-
"tinuance and prevalency; and termed
"instruments too, because in ordinary
"mortals, who have not reached the
"heights of consummate undisturbed
"stoical wisdom, they are in most cases
"the very principles which excite and
"determine to action and execution,
"and the counsellors by which the
"presiding

Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother *Cassius* at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are ^m more with him.

"presiding principle suffers itself to be
"guided. These are represented as
"being all of them, during the dreadful
"period here described, in a state of to-
"tal anarchy, sedition and mutual dis-
"sension, and the mind as torn and
"convulsed by the various and contrary
"efforts of hope, fear, ambition, self-
"preservation, private friendship, love
"of the public, resentment, envy, and
"in short every other passion that can
"be supposed to influence the human
"breast on so important and interesting
"an occasion." *Heath* in loc.

Mr. Smith, in *Grey's* notes, proposes
instrument for *instruments*; and explains
"the mortal instrument, the man, with
"all his bodily, that is, earthly pas-
"sions, such as envy, pride, &c. the
"genius being the soul or spirit."
Grey in loc.

But why should *Shakespeare*, in this
place particularly, use *genius* for *soul* or
spirit? *Spirit* would have measured as
well; so would *soul* with a small addi-
tion, *The soul, and all the mortal instru-*

ments. It is certainly a good rule in cri-
ticism, to understand words in such a
meaning as the author generally uses
them, provided they will make sense in
the passages where they are found. And
why may not *genius* be here taken in the
meaning in which *Shakespeare* generally
uses it, *viz.* an invisible being, presiding
over the affairs, not only of particular
kingdoms, but of particular men? Al-
lowing this, the meaning then will be,
The *genius* that presides over the man,
and all the powers of body and mind that
the man possesses, which are the *instru-*
ments of action, called *mortal* because
belonging to the mortal man, *are then in*
council, being drawn together by the im-
portance of the business; and as, in an
insurrection, the whole kingdom, from
the sovereign to the lowest subject, is in
an universal commotion; so it is in this
little kingdom, man; the whole *state of*
man, from his governing *genius* to his
lowest faculty, is strenuously engaged,
and exerted.

^m The fo's, *mor.*

D

Bru.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, fir; their hats are pluckt about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their ⁿ cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let ^o 'em enter.

[^p *Exit* Lucius.]

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou ^q path, thy native semblance on,
Not *Erebus* itself were dim enough,
To hide thee from prevention.

ⁿ The three last fo's, *R.* and *P.* *cloaks*
for *cloaks*.

• So the three first fo's; the rest, *them*
for *'em*.

^p This direction not in the fo's.

^q *P.* alters *path* to *march*; followed by

H. But *path* is here a verb, agreeable to
Shakespeare's custom of converting sub-
stantives into verbs.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, *Brutus*; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

[*Aside to Cas.*]

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble *Roman* bears of you.
This is *Trebonius*.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, *Decius Brutus*.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, *Casca*; this, *Cinna*;
And this, *Metellus Cimber*.

Bru. They all are welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

¹ The fo's, *Enter the Conspirators, Cas-* C.
sius, &c.

² C. reads, *This*, *Casca*; *Cinna this*;

³ This direction not in the fo's or *and this*, *Metellus Cimber*.

Cæs. Shall I intreat a word? [^u *Cæs. and Bru. whisper.*

Dec. Here lies the east; doth not the day break here?

Cæs. No.

Cin. O pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Cæs. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd:
Here, as I point my sword, the sun ariseth;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cæs. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If ^w not the ^x face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed:
So let high-fighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret *Romans*, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,

^u For *Cæs. and Bru. whisper*, C. directs, *converse apart*; the rest, *They whisper*.

^w T. H. and W. read *that* for *not*.

^x W. *face* for *face*.

That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
 Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
 That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt: but do not ^y stain
 The even virtue of our enterprize,
 Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 To think, that or our cause, or our performance,
^z Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
 That every *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a ferveral bastardy,
 If he ^a do break the finallest particle
 Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of *Cicero*? shall we sound him?
 I think he will stand very strong with us.

Cas. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him; for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion,
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
 It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
 Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
 But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O name him not: let us not break with him;
 For he will never follow any thing
 That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

^y *W.* proposes *strain* for *stain*.

^z *H.* *Doth* for *Did*.

^a So the three first fo's and C; the
 rest, *doth* for *do*.

^b *Cæc.* Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only *Cæsar*?

Cæf. *Decius*, well urg'd; I think it is not meet,

Mark Antony, so well belov'd of *Cæsar*,

Should out-live *Cæsar*: we shall find of him

A shrewd contriver; and you know, his means,

If he improve them, may well stretch so far,

As to annoy us all; which to prevent,

Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;

Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:

For *Antony* is but a limb of *Cæsar*,

^c Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, ^d *Caius*.

We all stand up against the spirit of *Cæsar*;

And in the spirit of ^e men there is no blood:

O that we then could come by *Cæsar's* ^f spirit,

And not dismember *Cæsar*! But, alas!

Cæsar must bleed for it: And, gentle friends,

Let 's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,

Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:

And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,

Stir up their servants to an act of rage,

^b *H.* gives this speech of *Cæcæa* to *Decius*.

^c So all before *P*; he and all after, except *C.* read *man* for *men*.

^d The *fo's* and *R.* *Let's* for *Let us*.

^f The three last *fo's* and *R.* *spiritus* for

^d *P.* and *H.* omit *Caius*; *R.* *Cassius* for *Caius*.

And after seem to chide ^g 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious :
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him ;
For he can do no more than *Cæsar's* arm,
When *Cæsar's* head is off.

Cas. Yet I ^h fear him :

For ⁱ in the ingrafted love he bears to *Cæsar* —

Bru. Alas, good *Cassius*, do not think of him :
If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do
Is to himself ; take thought, and die for *Cæsar* :
And that were much he should ; for he is given
To sports, ^k to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;
For he will live, and laugh at ^l this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,

^m Whether *Cæsar* will come forth to-day, or no :
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of ⁿ fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

^g So the three first fo's ; the rest,
them for 'em.

^l R.'s octavo, *us* for *this*.

^m So the fo's and R ; C. *Wbe'r* ;

^h P. and all after insert *do* after *I*.

the rest, *If* for *Whether*.

ⁱ H. omits *in*.

ⁿ H. *fantasies*.

^k R.'s octavo, *and* for *to*.

And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'erſway him; for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glaſſes, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
But when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He ſays, he does; being then moſt flattered.
° Let me work:

For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the capitol.

Caf. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the ^p eighth hour; is that the uttermoſt?

Cin. Be that the uttermoſt, and fail not then.

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæſar* ^a hard,
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good *Metellus*, go along ^r to him:
He loves me well; and I have given him reaſons.
Send him but hither, and I'll faſhion him.

Caf. The morning comes ^s upon 's; we'll leave you, *Brutus*,
And, friends, diſperſe yourſelves: but all remember
What you have ſaid, and ſhew yourſelves true *Romans*.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look freſh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purpoſes;

° *P.* alters this to, *Leave me to work*:
followed by the after-editors, except *J.*
and *C.*

^p The three firſt ſo's, *eight*,

^a The three laſt ſo's, *R. P. H.* and *C.*
hated for hard.

^r The ſo's and *R.* *by for to*.

^s *C.* *upon us for upon 's*,

But bear it, as our *Roman* actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy :
And so, good morrow to you, every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Boy, *Lucius* ! Fast asleep ? It is no matter,
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

SCENE III.

Enter Portia.

Por. *Brutus*, my lord.

Bru. *Portia*, what mean you ? wherefore rise you now ?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. ^t You 've ungently, *Brutus*,
^u Stole from my bed : And yesternight at supper,
You ^w suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across :
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :

^t The fo's, *You've* for *You've*.

^u *J. Stole*.

^w The two first fo's, *sodainly*.

Yet

Yet I insisted; yet you answer'd not;
 But, with an angry ^x waſture of your hand,
 Gave ſign for me to leave you: So I did,
 Fearing to ſtrengthen that impatience,
 Which ſeem'd too much enkindled; and withal,
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
 Which ſometime hath his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor ſleep;
 And could it work ſo much upon your ſhape,
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I ſhould not know you, *Brutus*. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cauſe of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wiſe; and were he not in health,
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why ſo I do. Good *Portia*, go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* ſick; and is it phyſical
 To walk unbraced, and ſuck up the humours
 Of the ^y dank morning? What, is *Brutus* ſick;
 And will he ſteal out of his wholeſome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night,
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
 To add unto ^z his ſickneſs? No, my *Brutus*;
 You have ſome ſick offence within your mind,
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of: And upon my knees,
 I ^a charm you, by my once commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow

^x The ſo's, *waſter* for *waſture*.

^z The firſt ſ. *bit* for *his*.

^y The three laſt ſo's and *R.*'s octavo,
dark for *dank*.

^a *P.* and *H.* *charge* for *charm*.

Which

Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some fix or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Portia*. [^b *Raising her.*]

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within ^e the bond of marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I your self,
But as it were in sort, or limitation?
To keep with you at meals, ^d comfort your bed,
And talk to you ^e sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus'* harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal,
A woman that lord *Brutus* took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal,
A woman well reputed, *Cato's* daughter:
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose ^f 'em:

^b This direction first given by *C.*

^c *P.* and *H.* omit *sometimes*.

^e First *f. ibo* for *ibe*.

^f So the three first *fo's*; the rest, *them*

^d *T. H.* and *J.* *confort* for *comfort*. for 'em.

I have

I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound
 Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
 And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
 Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knock within.*
 Hark, hark! one knocks: *Portia*, go in a while;
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake
 The secrets of my heart;
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 All the chary of my sad brows.
 Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, ^g who 's that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—^h [*Exit Luc.*] *Caius Ligarius*, how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O what a time have you chose out, brave *Caius*,
 To wear a kerchief? Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if *Brutus* have in hand
 Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*,
 Had you ⁱ a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods ^k that *Romans* bow before,
 I here discard my sickness. Soul of *Rome*,

^g So the fo's and R; P. reads *who*'s
 there *that* knocks? followed by all till C.
 who reads *who*'s *that* that knocks?

^h This direction first put in by C.

ⁱ So the three first fo's and C; the rest,
 an for a.

^k So the fo's and C; the rest, *the* for
that.

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins,
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And, I will strive with things impossible;

¹ Yea, get the better of them. What 's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Bru. That ^m must we also. What it is, my *Caius*,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And with a heart new fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That *Brutus* leads me on. ⁿ

Bru. Follow me then.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

^p *Cæsar's Palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar^q in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her sleep cry'd out,
Help, ho! they murder *Cæsar*. Who 's within?

¹ *R.* and *P.* *Yea* for *Yea*.

^o This Scene II. in *R.* and *C.*

^m *T.*'s duodecimo, *W.* and *J.* *we must*
for *must we*.

^p No description of the scene in the
fo's.

ⁿ Here the fo's and *R.* direct *Brutus*
der.

^q So the fo's and *R.*; the rest omit in
his night-gown.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Ser. I will, my lord.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, *Cæsar*? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. *Cæsar* shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er lookt but on my back; when they shall see
The face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.

Cal. *Cæsar*, I never stood on ceremonies:
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the capitol:
The noise of battle[†] hurtled in the air,
Horses[‡] did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And[§] ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O *Cæsar*, these things are beyond all use;
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?

† The three last fo's and R. hurried for
hurried.

‡ The first f. do for did.

§ The fourth f. gboſe for gboſt.

Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to *Cæsar*.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the ^u augurers?

Ser. They would not have you ^w to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast. ^x

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear:
^y No, *Cæsar* shall not: Danger knows full well,
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he.
We ^z are two lions, litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

Cal.

^u So the fo's, R. and C; the rest, *augurs* for *augurers*.

^w The fourth f. omits *to*.

^x Here *T. W.* and *J.* direct [*Exit Servant.*]

^y This latter part of *Cæsar's* speech is omitted in *P.* and *H.*'s text, but preserved in their margin.

^z For *are* the 1st. and 2d fo's read *bears*; the 3d and 4th, *bear*; *R.* and *P.* in his margin, *beard*: *T. H.* in his margin, *W.* and *J.* were. *Are* is *Upton's* emendation; and here I think it not improper to transcribe the passage in his *Critical Observations* where this emendation appears, as it contains an irrefragable

Cal. Alas, my lord,
 Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
 Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear,
 That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
 We 'll send *Mark Antony* to the senate-house ;
 And he ^a shall say, you are not well to-day :
 Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. *Mark Antony* shall say, I am not well ;
 And for thy humour, I will stay at home.

^b Enter *Decius*.

Here 's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Dec. *Cæsar*, all hail ! Good morrow, worthy *Cæsar* :
 I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

ble argument for minuteness in an editor, and tends to a vindication of the method pursued in this present edition.

It may be proper, (says he) in order to ascertain some readings in our author, just to observe, that in the reign of queen *Elizabeth* the scholars wrote *auncient*, *taulk*, *chaunce*, &c. keeping to the broader manner of pronunciation ; and added a letter often to the end of words, as *sunne*, *reflesse*, &c. sometimes to give them a stronger tone as, *doo*, *wee*, *mee*, &c.—As trifling as these observations may appear, yet they are not to be too slightly passed over by our critic : There is a corrupted passage in *Shakespeare*, which may hence be more truly than hitherto corrected. In *Julius Cæsar*, Act II. the old writing was thus :

“ Danger knows full well
 “ That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than He.

“ *WE ARE two lions, litter'd in one day,*

“ And I the elder and more terrible ;

“ And *Cæsar* shall go forth.”

There was some stroke of the pen at the end of the letter *e*, which made the printer mistake it for an *b* : so he gave it us, “ *WE HEARE two lions litter'd in one*
 “ day.”

Mr. Tb. reads very ingeniously, “ *WE WERE two lions, &c.*” But my reading is nearer the traces of the original, and the stopping gives a greater propriety to the sentence. Besides, accuracy is of the very essence of criticism. *Crit. Obs.* on *Shakespeare*, 2d edit. p. 176.

C. reads after *Upton*.

^a So the fo's and *¶* ; the rest, *will for shall*.

^b In *P. H. W.* and *J.* the fifth scene begins here at the entrance of *Decius*.

Cæs.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day;
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day, tell them so, *Decius*.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be ^c afraid to tell grey-beards the truth? —

Decius, go tell them, *Cæsar* will not come.

Dec. Most mighty *Cæsar*, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come,
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:

She dreamt ^d to-night, she saw my ^e statue,

Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,

Did run pure blood; and many lusty *Romans*

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:

^f And these does she apply for warnings and portents,

^g And evils imminent; and on her knee

Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

^c So the three first fo's and C; the rest,
afraid for fear'd.

^d For to-night the 2d f. reads to night;
R. and all after, except C. *last night.*

^e H. reads,

— statue, which
Like to a fountain, &c.

G. reads,

— statue, *Decius*,

Which like a fountain, &c.

^f So the fo's and R; the rest read,
These she applies for warnings, &c. except
C. who reads, *And these she does apply*
for warnings, portents, &c.

^g H. W. and C. Of for *And*.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
 It was a vision fair and fortunate:
 Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
 In which so many smiling *Romans* bath'd,
 Signifies, that from you great *Rome* shall suck
 Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
 For tinctures, stains, relicks, and ^h cognifance.
 This by *Calphurnia's* dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say;
 And know it now: The senate have concluded
 To give, this day, a crown to mighty *Cæsar*,
 If you shall send them word, you will not come,
 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
 Break up the senate till another time,
 When *Cæsar's* wife shall meet with better dreams.
 If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whisper,
 Lo, *Cæsar* is afraid?
 Pardon me, *Cæsar*, for my dear dear love
 To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
 And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, *Calphurnia*!
 I am ⁱ ashamed I did yield to them.—
 Give me my robe, for I will go: [^k *To an attendant.*
Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, Cinna,
 and Publius.

And look where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

^h *H. cognifances.*

ⁱ *W. ashamed.*

^k This direction first put in by *C.*

Pub. Good morrow, *Cæsar*.

Cæf. Welcome, *Publius*.—

What, *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so early too?—

Good morrow, *Cæsa*.—¹ *Caius Ligarius*,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is 't o' clock?

Bru. *Cæsar*, 'tis ^m stricken eight.

Cæf. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! *Antony*, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, *Antony*.

Ant. So to most noble *Cæsar*.

Cæf. Bid them prepare within.— [ⁿ *To an Attendant.*

I am ^o to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, *Cinna*—Now, *Metellus*—What, *Trebonius*!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day;

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. *Cæsar*, I will:—and so near will I be, [^p *Aside.*

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæf. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;

And we, like friends, will straitway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O *Cæsar*, [^q *Aside.*

The heart of *Brutus* yearns to think upon. [*Exeunt.*

¹ H. reads, *Oh! Caius*, &c.

^m J. *stricken*.

ⁿ This direction first given by G.

^o Two first fo's, *too*.

^p This direction first given by R.

^q This direction first given by P.

SCENE V.

A Street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus^r reading a paper.

Cæsar, beware of Brutus, take heed of Cassius, come not near Casca, have an eye to Cinna, trust not Trebonius, mark well Metellus Cimber, Decius Brutus loves thee not, thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about^u thee: Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!

Thy lover, Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.

[^w *Exit.*

^r In *R.* and *C.* Scene III; in *P. H.* *W.* and *J.* Scene VII.

^s No description of the Scene in the fo's; *R. P.* and *H.* call it, *the street*, omitting *near the capitol*.

^t *Reading a paper* is first added by *R.*

^u The fo's and *C.* *you for thee*,

^w Here, according to the strictness of scenical representation, the direction, instead of *Exit*, should have been *Scene closes*; for *Artemidorus* says, *Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along*, &c. which resolution of his is contradicted by his making an *Exit*.

* S C E N E VI.

Another part of the same Street, before Brutus's House.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :
Why dost thou stay ?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue ;
I have a man's mind, but a woman's^z might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !—
Art thou here yet ?

Luc. Madam, what should I do ?
Run to the capitol, and nothing else ?
And so return to you, and nothing else ?

Por. Yes, bring me word, ^a boy, if thy lord look well ;
For he went sickly forth : And take good note,
What *Cæsar* doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

* In C. Sc. IV.

^z C. alters *might* to *heart*.

^y This description of scene first given
by C.

^a The fourth f. omits *boy*.

Por. Prithee listen well :

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the capitol.

Luc. Sooth, inadam, I hear nothing.

Enter ^b Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow : which way hast thou been ?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o' clock ?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the capitol ?

Sooth. Madam, not yet ; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to *Cæsar*, hast thou not ?

Sooth. That I have, lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to hear me :
I shall beseech him to ^c befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any ^d harm 's intended towards
him ?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear ^e may
chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow ;
The throng that follows *Cæsar* at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæsar* as he comes along.

[*Exit.*

^b So the fo's and C; the rest, *Artemidorus* for *Soothsayer*.

^c R. P. and H. *defend* for *befriend*.

^d P. and all after, except C. *harm* for *harm's*.

^e P. and all after, except C. omit *may chance*.

Por.

Por. I must go in.—^f Aye me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! ^g O *Brutus*,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure the boy heard me. — *Brutus* hath a suit
That *Cæsar* will not grant. O, I grow faint: —
Run, *Lucius*, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [^h *Exeunt.*]

^f J. *Ab* for *Aye*.

^h The three last fo's and C. omit this

^g So the fo's and R; the rest, O *Brutus*! &c.
direction.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

ⁱ *The Street leading to the Capitol.*

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, ^k Publius, ^l Popilius, and the ^m Soothsayer.

Cæs. **T**HE ides of *March* are come.
Sooth. Ay, *Cæsar*; but not gone.

Art. Hail, *Cæsar*! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
 At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art.

ⁱ There is no description of the scene in the fo's; *R. P.* and *C.* describe it, *The capitol*; *H.* *The entrance into the capitol*; *T. W.* and *J.* *The street before the capitol*; and *the capitol open*. But it is evident that these are all improper descriptions. For, according to the first, it is absurd to make the capitol the scene of what passes in the street; *Cassius* says, *What, urge you your petitions in the street?* and still more absurd, when he bids them *Come to the capitol*, to suppose them in the

capitol already. Or, if by the capitol be meant the outside of the capitol, as explained by the two last descriptions, it is still improper to suppose that the business, which is hereafter to be transacted within the capitol, may be commodiously heard and seen by an audience to whom the outside only of the capitol is presented, and who, in that case, can but see and hear through the door-way. Besides, if the scene be supposed the entrance into the capitol, *Cassius* would
 b utter

Art. O *Cæsar*, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches *Cæsar* nearer: Read it, ⁿ great *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd,

Art. Delay not, *Cæsar*; read it instantly.

better have said, *What urge you your petitions at the door? Come into th' capitol.*

I have therefore presumed to make what is done without and within the capitol, two distinct scenes, as I believe *Shakespeare* intended. Nor is it necessary to fix the first scene close to the capitol, but rather more consonant with several passages in the foregoing act that it should be at some distance. In scene fifth of the second act *Artemidorus* says, *Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along, &c.* which implies that the part of the street where he had fixed himself was at some distance from the capitol; for if it was at the entrance of the capitol, he would with more propriety have said, *Here will I stand, till Cæsar shall arrive.* And in the same act, scene 6, before *Brutus's* house (which is understood to be at a considerable distance from the capitol by *Portia's* words to *Lucius*,

Prithee listen well:

I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the capitol.
the Soothsayer says,

Here the street is narrow:

The throng that follows *Cæsar* at the heels,

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:

I'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great *Cæsar* as he comes along.

Now for any thing that appears in this last speech, the Soothsayer might be supposed to remove to a place more remote from the capitol than *Brutus's* house was; for his only reason for removing from thence was, because the street there was narrow. But admitting that he removed nearer the capitol, yet the sense of his words makes it unlikely he should station himself at the entrance of the capitol, which he might reasonably expect would be more crowded than any other part of the street. Again, if he had designed to station himself at the entrance of the capitol, he would with greater accuracy have said,

I'll to the door o' th' capitol, and there
Speak to great *Cæsar* as he enters in,

^k The three last fo's, *R.* and *P.* omit
Publius in the entrance, but make him speak in the scene.

^l The first f. omits *Pepilius*.

^m *R.*'s duodecimo and *P.* Sooth-

ⁿ *P.* and *H.* omit great.

Cæs.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the capitol. [^o *Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The Capitol.

The Senate sitting. Enter Cæsar and the rest, as in the foregoing Scene. Senate rises. Cæsar moves towards his Seat.

Pop. I wish your enterprize to-day may thrive.

[^p *Aside to Cæs.*]

Cæs. What enterprize, *Popilius*?

Pop. Fare you well.

[^q *Follows Cæsar.*]

Bru. What said *Popilius Lena*?

[^r *Aside to Cassius.*]

Cæs. He wish'd to-day our enterprize might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

^o It is needless to say, that this direction, and the rest that are made necessary by altering the scenes, are not in any edition before. *C.* here directs, *Artemidorus is push'd back*: which would have been proper enough, supposing the scene to be the street; but as *C.* supposes the scene to be the capitol, and *Artemidorus in the entrance, amid a throng of people*, and whom, in this case, we must imagine to be pressing after *Cæsar* into the capitol, it is very

inconsistent, he should be bidden to come to the capitol, and yet pushed back.

^p This direction in no edition before.

^q Here *C.* directs [*leaves him, and joins Cæsar.* But *Popilius* does not yet join *Cæsar*, nor has he join'd him three speeches after, when *Brutus* says, *Look how he makes to Cæsar, &c.* The rest have no direction.

^r This direction in no edition before.

Bru.

Bru. Look how he makes to *Cæsar*; mark him.

Cas. Casca, be fudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

Cassius or *Cæsar* never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

[^s *Cæsar* being arrived at his seat, *Popilius*
whispers him and smiles.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our ^t purposes;

For look, he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for look you, *Brutus*,
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.

[^u *Exeunt* *Antony* and *Trebonius* conversing. *Cæsar* and the
Senate being seated, *Metellus* advances towards *Cæsar*.

Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber*? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to *Cæsar*.

Bru. He is addrest: press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that ^w rear your hand.

[*The Conspirators* follow *Metellus*, and range themselves
about *Cæsar*.

Cas. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant *Cæsar*,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [^x *Kneeling*.
An humble heart.

Cas. I must prevent thee, *Cimber*.

^s Nor this.

^w The fo's, R. P. T. W. and J. rears

^t T. H. W. and J. purpose for pre- for rear.

poses.

^x No direction in the fo's. C. directs

^u No direction in any edition before [*prostrating* himself.

C.

These couchings, and these lowly ^y courtesies,
 Might ^z fire the blood of ordinary men,
 And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
 Into the ^a lane of children. Be not fond,
 To think that *Cæsar* bears such rebel blood,
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality
 With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
 Low-crooked court'fies, and base spaniel fawning.
 Thy brother by decree is banished:
 If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
 Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong, nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied.

^y So the two first fo's and C; the fourth f. and R.'s octavo, *courtesies*; the rest, *courtesies*.

^z *W.* reads *stir* for *fire*; "Submission," says he, does not *fire* the blood, but melts it to compassion; or, as he says just after, *thaw* it. So afterwards in "this play he says,
 "The power of speech to stir men's bloods."

W.

But is it not *fire*, that *stirs*, *melts*, and *thaws*?—*Fire* is a term made use of to express the moving or kindling all the passions; and *stir* is very unluckily pitched upon to supply it's place in this passage, being more properly applied to the turbulent and boisterous passions; in *Cymbello* we read, the *spirit-stirring drum*; and the sense of *stir* in the passage above-quoted by *W.* is not to *stir* compassion, but revenge, as is plain by

what follows,

I only speak right on.

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;

Shew you sweet *Cæsar*'s wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths!

And bid them speak for me. But were

I *Brutus*,

And *Brutus*, *Antony*, there were an *Antony*

Would *ruffle* up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of *Cæsar*, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

So that to *stir* men's bloods, to *ruffle* their spirits, and to *move* to insurrection and mutiny, are all of them phrases which here signify to inspire them with revenge of *Cæsar*'s death.

^a *J.* conjectures *law* for *lane*.

Met.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To found more sweetly in great *Cæsar's* ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, *Cæsar*;
Desiring thee, that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, *Brutus*!

Cæs. Pardon, *Cæsar*; *Cæsar*, pardon:
As ^b low as to thy foot doth *Cassius* fall,
To beg enfranchisement for *Publius Cimber*.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star;
^c Of whose true, fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there 's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive,
Yet in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his ^d rank,
Unshak'd of ^e motion; and that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this;
That I was constant *Cimber* should be banish'd
And constant do remain to keep him so.

^b The second *f.* *love* for *low*.

^d *J.* conjectures *race* for *rank*.

^c The ten following lines are omitted
by *P.* and *H.* in their text, but preserved
in the margin.

^e *Upton* conjectures *motion* for *motion*.
Crit. Obs. Book ii. Sect. 10.

^f *Cin.* O *Cæsar*,—

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up *Olympus*?

Dec. Great *Cæsar*,—

Cæs. ^g Doth not *Brutus* bootless kneel?

Cæs. Speak, hands, for me! [^h *Stabbing him in the neck.*
Cæsar rises, catches at the dagger, and struggles with him: defends himself, for a time, against him, and against the other Conspirators; but, stabbed by Brutus,

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?*—Then fall, *Cæsar*.

[[†] *he submits; muffles up his face in his mantle; falls, and dies. Senate in confusion.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cæs. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People, and senators, be not affrighted;

Fly not, stand still; ambition's debt is paid.

Cæs. Go to the pulpit, *Brutus*.

^f The first f. gives this speech to *Cinna*, his name being put without abbreviation before the speech, viz. *Cinna*; the other fo's, *H.* and *C.* contracted, viz. *Cin.* *R. P. T. W.* and *J. Cin.* So that by a mistake of the press in *R.*'s edition this speech is given by the rest to *Metellus Cimper*.

^g So the first f. *T. W. J.* and *G*; the three last fo's and the rest, for *Doth* read *Do*; but then the fo's have a point of interrogation at the end of the speech, which seems to shew that *Do* was an error of the press. Although *J.* reads

Doth, yet he says he would read *Do*. The meaning of *Cæsar*'s speech is plainly this, Doth not *Brutus* kneel without effect? *Brutus*, whom I most esteem among you? and can you, *Cassius*, *Cinna*, and *Decius*, expect to prevail?

^h I have copied these directions from *C*; the rest have only [*They stab Cæsar.* *C.* has copied these directions from *Plutarch*, Πρώτῳ δὲ Κάσσιος ξίφει παρὰ τὸν αὐχένα, &c.

[†] The fo's and *R.* have no direction here, the rest [*Dies.*

Deco.

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Bru. Where 's *Publius*?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some ⁱ friend of *Cæsar*'s
Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing.—*Publius*, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no *Roman* else; so tell them, *Publius*.

Casf. And leave us, *Publius*, lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so; and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers. [^k *Exeunt all but Conspirators.*]

^l *Enter Trebonius.*

Casf. ^m Where is *Antony*?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doom's-day.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures;
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

ⁿ *Casf.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we *Cæsar*'s friends, that have abridg'd

ⁱ *P.*'s duodecimo, *T. W.* and *J.* friends ^m So the fo's, *R. T. W.* and *J.*; the
for friend. rest, *Where* 's for *Where* is.

^k This direction first put in by *C.* ⁿ The fo's and *R.* give this speech to

^l Here *P. H. W.* and *C.* begin their *Casf.*; the rest to *Cassius*.
second scene.

His time of fearing death.—° Stoop, *Romans*, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæsar's* blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let 's all cry peace, freedom, and liberty!

° *P.* gives the remainder of this speech to *Cæsa*, because he thinks nothing is more inconsistent with *Brutus's* mild and philosophical character: and is followed by *W.* In answer to this, *T.* tells us that *Shakespeare* is strictly copying a fact in history, and that *Plutarch*, in the life of *Cæsar*, says, "*Brutus* and his followers, *being yet hot with the murder*, marched in a body from the senate-house to the capitol, with *their drawn swords*, with an air of confidence and assurance." And in the life of *Brutus*, "*Brutus* and his party betook themselves to the capitol, and in their way *showing their hands all bloody*, and their naked swords, *proclaimed liberty* to the people." But *T.* has offered nothing to the purpose against *P.'s* emendation; for the question is not whether *Brutus*, with the rest of his party, bathed his hands in *Cæsar's* blood; but whether *Shakespeare* intended him the first mover to this *unseemly* action (as *P.* seems to think it) by putting the controverted words into his mouth. Yet, after what *Upton* has written on this passage no one can scruple giving these lines to *Brutus*. "The philosophical character of *Brutus*, says

" he, bids you expect consistency and steadiness from his behaviour: he thought the killing of *Antony*, when *Cæsar's* assassination was resolved on, would appear too bloody and unjust: Let us be *sacrificers*, but not butchers: Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods.
" The hero, therefore, full of this idea of sacrificing *Cæsar* to his injured country, after stabbing him in the senate, tells the *Romans* to stoop, and besmear their hands and their swords in the blood of the sacrifice. This was agreeable to an ancient and religious custom. So in *Æschylus* we read, that the seven captains, who came against *Thebes*, sacrificed a bull, and dipped their hands in the gore, &c. And *Xenophon* tells us, that when the barbarians ratified their treaty with the *Greeks*, they made a sacrifice, and dipped their spears and swords in the blood of the victim. By this solemn action *Brutus* gives the assassination of *Cæsar* a religious air and turn, &c." Crit. Obs. 2d edit. p. 78.

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages hence

[^p *Dipping their swords in Cæsar's blood.*

Shall this our lofty scene be acted ^a over,

In ^r states unborn, and accents yet unknown!

^s *Bru.* How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport,

That now on *Pompey's* basis lyes along,

No worthier than the dust!

^t *Cas.* So oft as that shall be,

So often shall the knot of us be call'd

The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. ^u What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:

Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels

^w With the most boldest and best hearts of *Rome*.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? ^x A friend of *Antony's*.

Ser. Thus, *Brutus*, did my master bid me kneel;

[^y *Kneeling.*

Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down;

And, being prostrate, thus he bad me say.

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;

Cæsar was ^z mighty, bold, royal, and loving:

^p There is no direction in the fo's and C.

^u *R.* reads, *What, what shall we forth?*

^a So the fo's, *R.* and *C*; the rest, *o'er* for *over*.

^w *R. P.* and *H.* read, *With the most bold, and the best hearts, &c.*

^r The first *f.* *state* for *states*.

^x *P.* and *H.* make the servant's speech begin here.

^s *P.* and *H.* have put this speech into *Casca's* mouth, without giving any reason for it.

^y No direction in the fo's and *C*.

^t And this into *Brutus's*, without giving a reason.

^z *P. T. H.* and *W.* read, *mighty, royal, bold and loving.*

Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
 Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
 If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Antony*
 May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
 How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony shall not love *Cæsar* dead
 So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
 The fortunes and affairs of noble *Brutus*,
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
 With all true faith. So says my master *Antony*.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant *Roman*;
 I never thought him worse.
 Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
 He shall be satisfied, and by my honour,
 Depart untouch'd.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit Servant.]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cæs. I wish we may; but yet ^a have I a mind
 That fears him much; and my misgiving still
 Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

^b Enter *Antony*.

Bru. But here comes *Antony*.—Welcome, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar*! dost thou lye so low?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit

^a P.'s duodecimo, I begot for have I.

^b Here begins the third scene in P. H. W. and J.

As *Cæsar's* death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if ^c you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smooke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no ^d mean of death,
As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O *Antony*, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done;
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, *Mark Antony*,
Our arms ^e no strength of malice; and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in,
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,

^c *W.* and *J.* ye for you.

^e So *C*; the fo's and *H.* for no read in;

^d The two first fo's, *T.* and *W.* meane; *P.* and the rest for no strength of read
P. and *H.* means.

exempt from.

And then we will deliver you the cause,
 Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I struck him,
 † Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
 Let each man render me his bloody hand,
 First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you;—
 Next, *Caius Cassius*, do I take your hand;—
 Now, *Decius Brutus*, yours;—now yours, *Metellus*;—
 Yours, *Cinna*;—and, my valiant *Casca*, yours;—
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good *Trebonius*.
 Gentlemen all, alas! what shall I say?
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a coward, or a flatterer.—
 That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, O 'tis true:
 If then thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
 To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better, than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, *Julius*! Here wast thou bay'd, brave ^s hart,
 Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,

† For *Have thus proceeded* P. reads *cept C.*

Proceeded thus, followed by all after, ex- § The three last fo's, *heart* for *hart*,

^h Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy ⁱ *Lethæ*.—

^k O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;

And this indeed, O world, the ⁱ heart of thee.—

How like a deer, ^m stricken by many princes,

Dost thou here lye!

Cas. Mark Antony;—

Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Cassius*;

The enemies of *Cæsar* shall say this;

Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* so,

But what compact mean you to have with us?

Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;

Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was indeed

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæsar*.

Friends am I with you all, and love you all;

Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,

Why and wherein *Cæsar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or else ⁿ were this a savage spectacle:

Our reasons are so full of good regard,

That were you, *Antony*, the son of *Cæsar*,

You should be satisfied.

Ant. That 's all I seek:

And am moreover suitor, that I may

Produce his body to the market-place,

^h R.'s octavo, *Sing'd* for *Sign'd*.

but preserved in the margin.

ⁱ So the fo's, R. W. J. and C; the rest, *death* for *Lethæ*.

^l The fo's and R. *bart* for *heart*.

^m The first f. *strooken*; C. *strooken*.

^k The following lines of this speech are omitted by P. and H. in their text,

ⁿ P.'s duodecimo, T. W. and J. *this were for were this*.

And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, *Mark Antony*.

Cas. *Brutus*, a word with you.

You know not what you do : Do not consent, [*° Aside.*
That *Antony* speak in his funeral :
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter ?

Bru. By your pardon—

I will myself into the pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Cæsar's* death :
What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission ;
And that we are contented, *Cæsar* shall
Have all ^P true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

Bru. *Mark Antony*, here, take you *Cæsar's* body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of *Cæsar* ;
And say, you do 't by our permission :
^q Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral : And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so ;
I do desire no more.

^o This direction not in fo's and C.

^P P. and all after, except C. due for

1722.

^q So the fo's, T. W. J. and C ; R.

reads, *Else you shall not, &c.* P. and H.
You shall not else, &c.

Bru.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy*;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds;
And *Cæsar's* spirit, ranging for revenge,
With *Ati* by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry "havock, and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth,

¹ Here begins the fourth scene in *P.*
H. W. and *J.*

² For *limbs* *H.* reads *kind*; *W.* *line.*
J. thinks it should be *lives*, or *lymms*,
that is, *these bloodbonds* of men.

³ *P. T. H.* and *W.* by for *with*.

⁴ *J.* tells us that a learned correspon-
dent has informed him, that, in the mili-
tary operations of old times, *havock* was
the word by which declaration was made,
that no quarter should be given.

With carrion men, groaning for burial.—

Enter ^w Octavius's Servant.

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not?

Ser. I do, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. *Cæsar* did write ^x for him to come to *Rome*.

Ser. He did receive his letters, and is coming:

And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—

O *Cæsar*! —

[^y *Seeing the body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart, and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; ^z for mine eyes,

Seeing those ^a beads of sorrow stand in thine,

Begin to water. Is thy master coming?

Ser. He lies to-night within seven leagues of *Rome*.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.

Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,

No *Rome* of safety for *Octavius* yet;

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while;

Thou shalt not back, till I have born this ^b corpse

Into the market place: There shall I try,

In my oration, how the people take

The cruel issue of these bloody men;

According to the which, thou shalt discourse

To young *Octavius* of the state of things.

Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt* ^c *with the body.*

^w The so's, *Octavio's* for *Octavius's*.

^a *P. beds* for *beads*.

^x *C. to* for *for*.

^b First and 2d so's, *course*; 3d and

^y This direction first given by *R.*

4th, *coarse*.

^z The first *f. from* for *for*.

^c The so's omit *with the body*.

SCENE III.

The Forum.

Enter Brutus, Cassius, and the Plebeians.

Pleb. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers.

Those that will hear ^e me speak, let ^h 'em stay here;

Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of *Cæsar's* death.

ⁱ *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* speak.

² *Pleb.* I will hear *Cassius*, and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[ⁱ *Exit Cassius with some of the Plebeians.*

^k *Brutus goes into the Pulpit.*

^d In *R.* and *G.* this is Scene 2; in *P.* the pulpit, for he says, *Then follow me, and give me audience, friends*; he would not have said *follow me* if he had been

^e The scene first described by *R.*

^f Here the fo's and *R.* direct, *Enter Brutus, and goes into the pulpit*; and *Cassius, with the Plebeians*; *C.* *Enter a throng of citizens, tumultuously*; *Brutus and Cassius*; the rest, *Enter Brutus, and mounts the rostra.* *Cassius, with the Plebeians.* But *Brutus* has not yet mounted

in the pulpit,

^g *R.'s* duodecimo, *my* for *me*.

^h *C.* *them* for *'em*.

ⁱ No direction in the fo's.

^k This latter part is omitted here by all but *G.* being improperly inserted by them before.

3 *Pleb.* The noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence.

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, country-men, and ^l lovers, hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of *Cæsar's*, to ^m him I say, that ⁿ *Brutus'* love to *Cæsar* was no less than his: If then that friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* less, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and dye all slaves; than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all free-men? As *Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There ^o are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a *Roman*? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply,

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to *Cæsar* than you shall do to *Brutus*. The question of his death is inroll'd in the capitol: his glory not extenuated,

^l *P.* and *H.* friends for lovers.

ⁿ *P.* and all after, except *C.* *Brutus's*

^m The three last so's and *R.* them for

for *Brutus'*.

bin.

^o The so's, *R.* and *C.* is for are.

wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffer'd death.

Enter Mark Antony with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the common-wealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, That as I flew my best lover for the good of *Rome*, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. ^P Live, *Brutus*, live, live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæsar*.

4 *Pleb.* *Cæsar's* better parts

1 Shall be crown'd in *Brutus*.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen, —

2 *Pleb.* Peace! silence! *Brutus* speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And for my sake, stay here with *Antony*:

Do grace to *Cæsar's* corps, and grace his speech

Tending to *Cæsar's* glories, which *Mark Antony*

By our permission is allow'd to make,

I do intreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till *Antony* have spoke.

[*Exit.*

^P *P.* and *H.* read, *Live, Brutus, live!*
omitting the other *live*.

¹ *P.* *H.* and *C.* read *Shall now be crown'd, &c.*

^r 1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho! and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him: Noble *Antony*, go up.

Ant. For *Brutus*' sake, I am ^a beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of *Brutus*?

3 *Pleb.* He says, for *Brutus*' sake
He finds himself ^t beholding to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best ^u he speak no harm of *Brutus* here.

1 *Pleb.* This *Cæsar* was a tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that ^{'s} certain:

We are ^w blest that *Rome* is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace; let us hear what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle *Romans*,—

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, *Romans*, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them,

The good is oft interred with ^x their bones;

So let it be with *Cæsar*. ^y The noble *Brutus*

^r Here begins the sixth scene in *P. H. W.* and *J.*

^s The three first fo's and *C.* *bebolding* for *bebolden*.

^t So the three first fo's and *C.*; the rest, *bebolden* for *bebolding*. Thus we see that all the editions put the same word into *Antony's* and the third Plebeian's mouth; by which means, I fancy, a piece of humour is lost: *bebolden* is spoken properly by *Antony*; but when it comes to be repeated by the Plebeian, it migrates into *bebolding* (a word at this day used by some of the vulgar for *be-*

bolden). And perhaps the very reason why *Shakespeare* makes the fourth Plebeian ask the question, *What does he say of Brutus?* was, that the third Plebeian, by repeating what *Antony* had said, might make this blunder.

^u The three last fo's omit *be*.

^w The three last fo's, *R. P.* and *H.* glad for *blest*. *C.* inserts *most* before *blest*.

^x The fourth f. and *R.*'s octavo, *the* for *their*.

^y *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit *The*.

Hath told you *Cæsar* was ambitious :
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
 And grievously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.
 Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,
 (For *Brutus* is an honourable man,
 So are they all, all honourable men)
 Come I to speak in *Cæsar's* funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
 But *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;
 And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to *Rome*,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
 Did this in *Cæsar* seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæsar* hath wept;
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
 Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;
 And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
 You all did see that ^z on the *Lupercal*
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse: Was this ambition?
 Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;
 And sure he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause,
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?—
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
 My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæsar*,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

^z *P.* and *H.* at for on.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

^a 2 *Pleb.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, ^b masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious:

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in *Rome* than *Antony*.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins ^c again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of *Cæsar* might

Have stood against the world; now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of *Cæsar*,

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will;

Let but the commons hear this testament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)

^a The three last fo's, and all after
except *C*, make this speech a part of the
first Plebeian's foregoing speech.

^b *C*. inserts *my* before *masters*.

^c *T*.s duodecimo omits *again*; an
error, I suppose, of the press, but which
has crept into the editions of *W*. and
J.

And they would go and kiss dead *Cæsar's* wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;

^d Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will; read it, *Mark Antony*.

All. The will, the will; we will hear *Cæsar's* will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends: I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how *Cæsar* lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And being men, hearing the will of *Cæsar*,

It will enflame you, it will make you mad;

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For if you should—O what would come of it?

4 *Pleb.* Read the will; ^e we'll hear it, *Antony*; you shall
read us the will, *Cæsar's* will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.

I fear, I wrong the honourable men,

Whose daggers have stabb'd *Cæsar*; I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors—Honourable men?

All. The will! the testament!

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers:—The will!
read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corps of *Cæsar*,
And let me shew you him that made the will.

^d C. reads *Nay* for *Yea*, as in no edition before.

^e T. W. J. and G. we will for we'll.

Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 Pleb. Descend.

3 Pleb. You shal have leave.

[^f *He comes down from the pulpit.*]

4 Pleb. A ring—Stand round.

1 Pleb. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 Pleb. Room for *Antony*, most noble *Antony*.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back—room—bear back—

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the *Nervii*—

Look in this place ran ^g *Cassius'* dagger through—

See what a rent the envious *Casca* made—

Through this the well-beloved *Brutus* stabb'd,

And as he pluck'd his curst steel away,

Mark how the blood of *Cæsar* follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If *Brutus* so unkindly knock'd, or no.

For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsar's* angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him!

^h This was the most unkindest cut of all:

For when the noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

^f No direction in fo's.

^h *P.* alters thus, *This, this was the*

^g The fourth f. and R. *Cassius's* for *unkindest*, &c. followed by *T. H.* and *W.*

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
 And in his mantle muffling up his face,
ⁱ Even at the base of *Pompey's* statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great *Cæsar* fell.
 O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep, and I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls! what, weep you, when you but behold
 Our *Cæsar's* vesture wounded? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, ^k with traitors.

¹ *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

² *Pleb.* O noble *Cæsar*!

³ *Pleb.* O woeful day!

⁴ *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

¹ *Pleb.* O most bloody fight!

² *Pleb.* ¹ We will be reveng'd: Revenge! About—seek
 —burn—fire—kill—slay—Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

¹ *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the noble *Antony*.

² *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll dye
 with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

ⁱ *H.* reads,
 Even at the base of *Pompey's* statue which
 all the while ran with blood, great *Cæ-*
 sar fell.

Which all the while ran blood, great *Cæ-*
 sar fell,

Even at the base of *Pompey's* statue.

^k *P. T. H. W.* and *J.* by for with.

¹ *C.* We'll for We will.

W. (transposing the lines) reads,

They that have done this deed are honourable ;
 What private griefs^m they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable ;
 And will, no doubt, with ⁿ reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
 I am no orator, as *Brutus* is ;
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend ; and that they know full well ;
 That ⁿ gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood : I only speak right on.
 I tell you that, which you yourselves do know,
 Shew you sweet *Cæsar's* wounds, poor, poor, ^o dumb months,
 And bid them speak for me : But were I *Brutus*,
 And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of *Cæsar*, that should move
 The stones of *Rome* to rise and mutiny.

All. We 'll mutiny.

1 *Pleb.* We 'll burn the house of *Brutus*.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen, yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho ! hear *Antony*, most noble *Antony*.

^m *W.* reads *reason* for *reasons*.

• The two first fo's and R.'s octaves.

ⁿ So the first f. and C ; the rest, *give* *dum* for *dumb*.

for *gave*.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true—the will!—let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under *Cæsar's* seal.

To every *Roman* citizen he gives,

To every several man; seventy five drachmas.

2 *Pleb.* Most noble *Cæsar*!—We 'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O royal *Cæsar*!

Ant. Hear me with patience:

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,

On ^p that side *Tiber*; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a *Cæsar*! When comes such another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never—¹ Come, away, away!

We 'll burn his body in the holy place,

^p All the editions before *T.* read *this* lay out wide, on a line with mount
for *that*; so *C.* *T.* gives the following *Janiculum*. Our author therefore cer-
note: tainly wrote;

The scene is here in the *Forum* near
the *capitol*, and in the most frequented
part of the city; but *Cæsar's* gardens
were very remote from that quarter,
Trans *Tiberim longè cubat is, prepe Cæ-*
saris hortos;

says *Horace*. And both the *Naumackia*
and gardens of *Cæsar* were separated
from the main city by the river; and

On that side *Tiber*;—

And *Plutarch*, whom *Shakespeare* very
diligently studied, in the life of *Marcus*
Brutus, speaking of *Cæsar's* will, ex-
pressly says, that he left to the public
his gardens, and walks, beyond the *Ti-*
ber. *T.*

¹ *C.* reads, *Come, come, away: &c.*

And with the brands fire ^r all the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down ^s benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[^t *Exeunt Plebeians* ^u *with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work : Mischief, thou art a-foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.

Enter ^w *a Servant.*

How now, fellow ?

Ser. ^x Sir, *Octavius* is already come to *Rome*.

Ant. Where is he ?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsar's* house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard ^y him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid like madmen through the gates of *Rome*.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius*.

[*Exeunt.*]

^r The first f. omits *all*.

^s C. inserts *the* before *benches*.

^t The first f. *Exit* for *Exeunt*.

^u The fo's omit *with the body*.

^w The fo's and C. omit *a*.

^x P. T. H W. and Y. omit *Sir*.

^y C. reads *them* for *him*. Him evidently refers to *Octavius*, who, as he was coming into *Rome*, had seen *Brutus* and *Cassius*, riding like madmen through the gates, and had related the same in the presence of the servant.

SCENE IV.

^a *A Street.*

Enter Cinna the Poet ^b.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with *Cæsar*,
And things ^c unlucky charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

^d *Enter the Plebeians.*

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* ^e Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you ^f dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where
do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to

² In *P. H. W.* and *J.* this is scene 7;
in *C.* scene 3.

^a This description of the scene first
given by *C.*

^b Here all but *C.* add, *and after him*
the Plebeians.

^c All editions but *W.* and *C.* read
unluckily for *unlucky*.

^d No direction here in the editions
before *C.*; the direction in them, for the
Plebeians' entrance, being placed as
above-mentioned.

^e First and 2d fo's, *Whether* for *Whi-*
ther.

^f *C.* *live* for *dwell*.

answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Pleb.* That 's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: You 'll bear me a bang for that, I fear: Proceed—directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to *Cæsar*'s funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, sir?—truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he 's a conspirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the poet, I am *Cinna* the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name 's *Cinna*; pluck ² but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands! to *Brutus*'s, to *Cassius*'s, burn all! some to *Decius*'s house, and some to *Cæsar*'s, some to *Ligarius*'s: Away, go!

[*Exeunt.*]

² J. out for *his*.

³ The three last fo's, *houses* for *houses*.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I,

i *Rome,**Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.*

Ant. **T**HESE * many then shall die; their names are
prickt.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, *Lepidus*?

Lep. I do consent:

Oct. Prick him down, *Antony*.

Lep.

No description of the scene in the
fo's or *W*; *R. P.* and *C.* fix the scene at
Rome; *H.* at a small island in the little
river *Rbenus* near *Bononia*; *T.* (followed
by *J.*) at a small island near *Mutina*,
and says, "*Shakespeare*, I dare say, knew
" from *Plutarch*, that these *Triumvirs*
" met, upon the proscription, in a little
" island: which *Appian*, who is more
" particular, says, lay near *Mutina* up-
" on the River *Lavinus*." *T.*

But what if *Shakespeare* knew all this?
Is a poet obliged to follow history exact-

ly? May he not sometimes deviate from
it, provided he makes his own work
consistent with itself? What though the
old copies say nothing of the place here?
yet it is implied in a passage, a very few
lines from the very beginning of this
scene, that *Shakespeare* meant to fix it
at *Rome*: *Antony* says,
But, *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsar*'s house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall de-
termine

How to cut off some charge in legacies,

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Lep. Upon condition ¹ *Publius* shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I ^m damn him.
But, *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsar's* house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the capitol.

[*Exit Lepidus.*]

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. Or here, or at the capitol.

What! does *Antony* send *Lepidus* on a journey (not to say, voyage also) from an island near *Mutina* or *Bononia*, to fetch the will from *Cæsar's* house in *Rome*, and direct him to come again to him to this same island, and if he did not meet with him there, to return to the capitol at *Rome*? For this will be the import of the above passage, according to *T. H.* and *J.* and *Lepidus* will appear to be a man meet to be sent on errands, with a witness. Besides, supposing this island to be the scene, *Octavius*, should rather have said, Or here, or at *Rome*; for the direction, at the capitol, is too particular, and not agreeable to the common forms of speech on such an occasion; it is the same as if, two friends being at *Paris*, one should say to the other, "You will find me either here (at *Paris*) or in *Cheapside*."

C. makes it a Room in *Antony's* house at *Rome*.

^k *Grey* in his notes on *Shakespeare* conjectures marry for many.

¹ *Antony* set down *Cicero's* name in the list of the proscribed: *Octavius* insisted on *Antony's* sacrificing *Lucius*, his uncle by the mother's side: And *Lepidus*, gave up his own brother, *L. Æmilius Paulus*. As 'tis not uncommon to blunder in proper names, I make no doubt but in the room of *Publius* we should place *Lucius*, *Antony's* uncle by his mother's side: and then a trifling correction sets right the other line.

Lepidus. Upon condition *Lucius* shall not live.

You are his sister's son, *Mark Antony*.

Upton's Crit. Obs. ed. 2. p. 245.

^m The three first fo's, damn for damn.

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice, who should be prickt to die
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
ⁿ Either led or driven, as we ^o point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in ^p commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and valiant foldier.

Ant. So is my horse, *Octavius*, and for that,
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On ^q abject orts, and imitations,
Which, out of use, and ^r stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,

ⁿ P. and all after, except C, Or for
Either.

^o The three last so's and R. print for
point.

^p H. *common* for *commons*.

^q This is T.'s emendation (followed
by all after) all before read *objects*, *arts*,
for *abject orts*.

^r For *stal'd* the two first so's read
stal'de; the 4th, *shall'd*.

But

But as a property. And now, *Octavius*,
 Listen great things. *Brutus* and *Cassius*
 Are levying powers : we must straight make head ;
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
 Our best friends made, ^s and our best means stretch'd ^s out ;
 And let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
 And open perils surest answered,

Oct. Let us do so ; for we are at the stake,
 And bay'd about with many enemies ;
 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
 Millions of mischiefs.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

In the Camp near Sardis ; before Brutus's Tent.

^u *Drum.* Enter *Brutus* and *Soldiers* ; to them *Lucilius*, and
his Soldiers marching, *Titinius* and *Pindarus*.

Bru. Stand, ho !

Lucil. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Bru. What now, *Lucilius* ? is *Cassius* near ?

Lucil.

^s The first f. *J.* and *C.* omit *and* &
out.

^u No description of the scene in the
fo's.

^u *C.* omits *drum.* The *fo's* direct,
Drum. Enter *Brutus*, *Lucilius*, and the
Army. *Titinius* and *Pindarus* meet them.
 So all after (except *C.*), bating that they
 read.

Lucil. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his master ^w.

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, *Pindarus*,
In his own ^x change, or by ill ^y officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

read soldiers for the army, and meeting for meet.

In C. *Lucilius*, *Titinius* and *Pindarus* do not enter until *Brutus* has said *Stand, ho!* and a direction is given that these words should be spoken to his (*Brutus's*) officers, entering. Then *Lucilius* (entering with his soldiers, and *Pindarus* and *Titinius*) says to his party, Give the word, *ho*, and *stand*. By thus ordering the scene, C. seems to understand that *Brutus* and *Lucilius*, with their several bodies of soldiers, being upon their march meet; and then each of them gives the word of command to stand, or halt, to their separate parties. Now this would have been proper enough had not *Brutus* erected his tent. But the scene is before *Brutus's* tent, and he must have arrived, before he could have erected it. Therefore he and his soldiers have done marching, have erected the tent, and are expecting the other companies at the place appointed. Here the scene opens; *Lucilius*, being upon the march, and having arrived where *Brutus* is, *Brutus* (as generalissimo of the forces) bids him *stand*;

Lucilius conveys these orders to his officers, and bids them give the word of command to the soldiers. By thus understanding the scene, it appears consistent with itself, the dignity of *Brutus* is kept up, and the subordination, of general to generalissimo, officers to their general, and common soldiers to their officers, is painted in a very few, simple, but expressive words.

^w Here C. directs [*presenting Pindarus, who gives a letter*]. But it is very strange that *Cassius* should send a letter when he was at hand, and just at the heels of the messenger. C.'s reason for giving this direction is, I suppose, because (*Lucilius* having presented *Pindarus* to *Brutus*, as bringing a salutation from *Cassius*) *Pindarus* makes no salutation by word of mouth to *Brutus*, and therefore the salutation must be contained in a letter. But I should rather think that *Shakespeare* wrote a short speech for *Pindarus*, in this place, such as, *Cassius sends health to Brutus*, which is lost.

^x *H. W.* and C. charge for change.

^y *J.* proposes offices for officers.

Pin.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—^z A word, *Lucilius*;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Lucil. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, *Lucilius*,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their ^a crests, and like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with *Cassius*.

[^b *March within.*

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:
March gently on to meet him.

^z H. reads, *Hear, a word*, *Lucilius*—
&c.

^a So the 1st f. and C; the rest, *crests*
for *crests*.

^b All but C. direct [*Low March within*;
in; and the fo's and R. place this direc-
tion in *Brutus's* last speech after the
word *mettle*.

Enter

^c Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho^d!

Bru. Stand, ^c ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?

And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. *Brutus*, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—

Bru. *Cassius*, be content,
Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well:
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, *Cassius*, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. *Pindarus*,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

^c In all editions but *C.* this entrance is directed immediately after *Lucilius's* last speech.

^d Here *C.* directs [*to his officers, entering.* Which is right enough, but not very necessary, as the reader cannot well mistake to whom the words are spoken.

^e *C.* omits *ho!* and directs this speech to be spoken *to his*, that is to *Brutus's* soldiers; but he must be certainly wrong here; for *Brutus's* soldiers cannot be in this place supposed marching, but standing; and therefore the word of command, *stand*, is to them unnecessary and absurd.

Bru.

Bru. *Lucilius*, ^f do you the like; and let no man ^e
Come to our tent, till we have ^h done our conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard ⁱ our door. [Exeunt:

S C E N E III.

^k *Within the Tent:*

^l *Enter Brutus and Cassius:*

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this;
You have condemn'd and noted *Lucius Pella*,
For taking bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein, my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted ^m off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case:

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear ⁿ his comment.

Bru. ^o Let me tell you, *Cassius*, you yourself,

^f *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit
do.

^g After *man*, *C.* adds *Lucilius*:

^h The second *f.* *doe* for *donè*.

ⁱ *R. P. T. H.* and *W.* *the* for *our*.

^k In the fo's, *R.* and *P.* the scene
does not change, but the direction, *Ma-*
nent Brutus and Cassius, is given; which
is contrary to what we read in the fore-
going scene, *Then in my tent, &c.*

^l In *T. H. W.* and *J.* it is *Re-enter*,
which is improper where the scene
changes; to *re-enter* signifies to come
again into the same place, which they
do not; but go from the outside to the
inside of the tent.

^m So the fo's, *R.*'s octavo, *T.* and *J.*;
the rest, *of* for *off*.

ⁿ *P.* and all after but *C.* *its* for *his*.

^o Before *let P. T. H.* and *W.* insert
Te; *C.* *And*.

Are

Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. ^p I an itching palm?

You know that you are *Brutus* that ⁱ speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of *Cassius* honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide ' his head.

Cas. Chastisement?

Bru. Remember *March*, the ides of *March* remember:
Did not great *Julius* bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and ^s bay the moon,
Than such a *Roman*.

Cas. *Brutus*, ^t bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself

^p *R.*'s octavo, *As* for *I*.

^q The fo's and *R.* speaks for *Speak*.

^r *P. T. H. W.* and *J.* read *its* for *his*.

This is worse than modernizing, it is turning poetry into prose; for chastisement, having a *bead*, must certainly be here personified; and therefore *his*, even

among the moderns, is more proper than *its*.

^s The three last fo's and *R.* bait for *bay*.

^t The fo's, *R. P. H.* and *J.* bait for *bay*.

To hedge me in; I am a soldier, ^u I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, ^w *Cassius*.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ^x ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? Ay, more; Fret till your proud heart break;
Go, shew your slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I ^y budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,

^u Q^u. Whether we should not read *ay* for *I*? The old editions make no difference in these two words, always, as far as I remember, reading *I* for *ay*; it is therefore the sense only which must direct us to the word the author meant in any passage; and in this, to me it seems doubtful.

^w The *fo*'s and all after, except *H.* put no comma between *not* and *Cassius*, making it the nominative case after the verb, which method of pointing *W.* defends, and explains the passage thus, *Viz*

are no longer that brave, disinterested, patriotic Cassius, whose character was made up of honour and patriotism; but are sunk down to the impotency and corruption of the times. But, if this be the meaning, *Cassius* does not understand it, for he replies *I am*; i. e. *I am Cassius*; if he had understood it, and meant to deny *Brutus*'s charge, he should have said, *I am what I was*, or something like it.

^x *P.* and all after, except *C.* omit *ye*.

^y The 1st *f. bouge*; the 2d and 3d, *budge*.

You

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
 * Though it do split you : for, from this day forth,
 I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
 When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier :
 Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
 And it shall please me well : For mine own part,
 I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me, every way you wrong me, *Brutus* ;
 I said, an elder soldier, not a better :
 Did I say, better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When *Cæsar* liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace ; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not ?

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
 I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
 There is no terror, *Cassius*, in your threats ;
 For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
 That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
 Which I respect not. I did send to you
 For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me ;
 For I can raise no money by vile means :
 By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
 And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

* R. and all after, except C. *Tho'* for *Though*.

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
 By any ^a indirection. I did send
 To you for gold to pay my legions,
 Which you deny'd me : was that done like *Cassius* ?
 Should I have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so ?
 When *Marcus Brutus* grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunder-bolts,
 Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not : he was but a fool,
 That brought my answer back. *Brutus* hath riv'd my ^b heart.
 A friend should bear ^c his friend's infirmities,
 But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not. ^d Still you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
 As huge as high *Olympus*.

^a *P.* reads *indirectness* for *indirection*.

^b The 1st and 2d fo's, *hart* for *heart*.

^c *R.* and all after, except *C.* a for *his*.

^d All but *H.* and *W.*, read *till* for *still*.

H. reads, *will you practise that on me ?*

W. reads as in the text, and gives the following note.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me. But was this talking like *Brutus* ?

Cassius complained that his friend made his infirmities greater than they were.

To which *Brutus* replies, not till those infirmities were injuriously turned upon me. But was this any excuse for aggravating his friend's failings ? *Shakespeare* knew better what was fit for his hero to say, and certainly wrote and pointed the line thus,

I do not. Still you practise them on me.

i. e. I deny your charge, and this is a fresh injury done me.

Cas.

Cas. Come, *Antony*, and young *Octavius*, come,
 Revenge yourselves alone on *Cassius*,
 For *Cassius* is a-weary of the world;
 Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his brother,
 Check'd like a bondman, all his faults observ'd,
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes. There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast; within, a heart
 Dearer than ° *Plutus*' mine, richer than gold:
 ' If that thou bee'st a *Roman*, take it forth;
 I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:
 Strike as thou didst at *Cæsar*; for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
 Than ever thou lov'dst *Cassius*.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
 O *Cassius*, you are yoked with a ¢ lamb,
 That carries anger, as the flint bears fire,
 Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath *Cassius* liv'd
 To be but mirth and laughter to his *Brutus*,
 When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

* The fo's and R. read *Pluto's* for *Plu-* *Roman's*, &c.

sus'.

‡ P. reads *man* for *lamb*.

§ W. reads, *If that thou need'it a*

Bru. And my heart too.

[^h *Embracing.*

Cas. O *Brutus*—

Bru. What 's the matter?

Cas. Have ⁱ not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, *Cassius*; and ^k from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,
He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[^l *A noise within.*

^m *Poet.* [ⁿ *within*] Let me go in, to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [^o *at the door*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [^p *within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? What 's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be:
For I have seen more years, I 'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! How ^q vilely ^r doth this cynick rhyme!

^h This direction not in the fo's or *Lucilius* and *Titinius*; but preserve it in the margin.

ⁱ *P.*'s duodecimo, *T. W. J.* and *C.*
yea not for not yea.

^k *C.* omits *from*.

^l This direction first put in by *T.*—
The fo's make the poet to enter here;
so does *R.* who adds *Lucius* and *Titi-*
nus.

^m *P.* and *H.* in their text omit all
from this place to the entrance of

ⁿ *T.* first puts [*within*.]

^o [*at the door*] put by *C.*—*T. W.* and
J. [*within*.] The other editions have
no direction.

^p [*within*] first put in by *T.*

^q The 1st and 2d f. *wildly*; 3d,
wildly.

^r *C.* does for *detb*.

Bru.

Bru. Get you hence, firrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, *Brutus*; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time :
What should the wars do with these ' jingling fools?—
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone.

[*Exit Poet.*

^t *Enter Lucilius, and Titinius.*

Bru. *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring *Messala* with you
Immediately to us. [^u *Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*

Bru. *Lucius*, a bowl of wine. [^w *Exit Lucius.*

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O *Cassius*, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better—^x *Portia* is dead.

Cas. Ha! *Portia*?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Have made themselves so strong: For with her death

^s The fo's and R. jiggling for jingling.

^t The entrance of *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, not mentioned in the fo's.

^u This direction not in the fo's.

^w This direction first given by C.

^x P. and all after except C. *Portia's dead* for *Portia is dead*.

That tidings came; with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter y Lucius with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine,
In this I bury all unkindness, *Cassius*. [drinks.]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, *Lucius*, till the wine o'er-swell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus*' love. [z drinks,]

a Enter Titinius, and Messala.

Bru. Come in, *Titinius*; welcome, good *Messala*.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. ^b *Portia*! art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have ^c here received letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition ^d toward *Philippi*.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same ^e tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

^y All but *H.* and *C.* Boy for *Lucius*.

^z This direction first given by *C.*

^a In *T. W.* and *J.* *Titinius* and *Messala* do not enter till after the first line of *Brutus*'s following speech. Here begins the fifth scene in *P. H. W.* and *J.*

^b *P.* and all after except *C.* read, *Oh Portia!* &c.

^c *P.*'s duodecimo omits *here*.

^d *C.* towards for toward.

^e The fo's, *R.* and *P.* tenure for tenour.

Mes.

Mef. That, by proſcription, and bills of ^f outlawry,
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*,
 Have put to death ^z an hundred ſenators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
 Mine ſpeak of ſeventy ſenators, that dy'd
 By their proſcriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Caf. *Cicero* one?

Mef. ^h *Cicero* is dead,
 And ⁱ by that order of proſcription.
 Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, *Meſſala*.

Mef. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, *Meſſala*.

Mef. That, methinks, is ſtrange.

Bru. Why aſk you? Hear you ought of her in yours?

Mef. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.

Mef. Then like a *Roman* bear the truth I tell;
 For certain ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.

Bru. Why, farewel, *Portia*.—We muſt die, *Meſſala*.
 With meditating that ſhe muſt die once,
 I have the patience to endure it now.

Mef. Even ſo great men great loſſes ſhould endure.

Caf. I have as much of this in art as you,
 But yet my nature could not bear it ſo.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
 Of marching to *Philippi* preſently?

Caf. I do not think it good,

Bru. Your reaſon?

^f The 1ſt f. *outlawry*; the 2d and 3d,
outlawry for outlawry.

^z C. e for an.

^h C. inserts *Ay* before *Cicero*.

ⁱ C. *that by* for *by that*.

Cæs. This it is :

'Tis better that the enemy seek us ;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better.
The people, 'twixt *Philippi* and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection ;
For they have grudg'd us contribution :
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd ;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cæs. Hear me, good brother —

Bru. Under your pardon — You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe ;
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or * lose our ventures.

* The fo's, lose for lose.

Cas. Then, with our will, go on ;

¹ We 'll ^m along ourselves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,

And nature must obey necessity ;

Which we will niggard with a little rest,

There is no more to say ?

Cas. No more. Good night.

Early to-morrow ⁿ will we rise, and hence ^o.

Bru. *Lucius*, my gown. ^p [*Exit Luc.*] Farewel, good

Messala :

Good night, *Titinius* : Noble, noble *Cassius*,

Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother

This was an ill beginning of the night :

Never ^q come such division 'tween our souls !

Let it not, *Brutus* ^r.

^s *Bru.* Every thing is well.

^t *Cas.* Good night, my lord.

¹ *R.* and all after except *C.* *we will* for *we 'll*.

^m *C.* on for *along*.

ⁿ *R.* *P.* and *H.* *we will* for *will we*.

^o Here the fo's, and all after but *C.* direct *Lucius* to enter ; but *Lucius* had not made his exit, since he brought the wine.

^p The fo's, *R.* *P.* *T.* *W.* and *J.* omit this direction ; yet, afterwards, make *Lucius* enter with the gown.

^q *R.*'s octavo, *came for came*.

^r Here *Lucius* enters with the gown, in all editions but *C.* Now, though it

may be thought immaterial, with regard to the play itself, at which of the two places *Lucius* enters ; yet in the exhibition of it, it is a matter of some consequence. At every fresh entrance, the attention of the audience is drawn upon the person entering, and diverted from what ever business is passing on the stage besides. So that no person should enter till he is wanted.

^s *P.* and all after except *C.* omit the two following speeches, without giving any notice thereof.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord *Brutus*.

Bru. Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt Cas. Tit. Mes.*]

Enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowfily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd;

Call^u *Claudius*, and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. ^u *Varro* and ^u *Claudius*!

Enter ^u *Varro* and ^u *Claudius*.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lye in my tent, and sleep;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother *Cassius*.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lye down, good sirs;

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

[^w *Var. and Clau. retire,*

Look, *Lucius*, here 's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

^x Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,

And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

² The 2d f. *art* for *net*; the 3d and 4th omit *not*. [*Servants retire and sleep.*]

^u The fo's, *Claudius* for *Claudius*, and *Varrus* for *Varro*. ^x The three last fo's, *Canst thou hold up thy instrument a strain or two,*

^w No direction before C. who directs, *And touch thy heavy eyes awhile.*

Luc. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy :

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, fir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;

I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;

I will not hold thee long. If I do live,

I will be good to thee. [*Musick and a song : y toward the end, Lucius falls asleep.*]

This is a sleepy tune—O murderous ^z slumber,

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee musick ?—Gentle knave, good night.

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee ;

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;

I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night.

[^a *Lays the instrument by, and sits down to read.*]

^b Let me see, let me see ; Is not the leaf turn'd down,

Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think ^c.

^d *Enter the Ghost of Caesar.*

How ill this taper burns !—Ha ! who comes here ?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me :—Art thou any thing ?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

^y The following part of this direction put in by C.

^z The two first fo's, *slumbler* for *slumber*.

^a No direction in this place in any of the editions before C. who directs [*Lays the instrument by and sits down.*]

^b P. and all after except C. read, *But let me see, is not, &c.*

^c Here R. and all after except C. direct [*He sits down to read.*]

^d Here begins Scene 7 in P. H. W. and J.

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, *Brutus*.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.

Bru. ° Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at *Philippi*.

[^f *vanishes*.

Bru. Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then.

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy, *Lucius!* ° *Varro!* ° *Claudius!* Sirs, awake!

° *Claudius!*

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

• *Bru.* He thinks he ^h still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord ⁱ?

Bru. Didst thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou so cry'dst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

• *Bru.* Sleep again, *Lucius*.—Sirrah, ° *Claudius!*

Fellow ^k thou! awake!

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

° P. and all after except C. omit
W'll.

^f No direction in the fo's.—R. and
all after except C. direct [*Exit ghost*.]

^g The fo's, *Varrus* for *Varro*, and
Claudius for *Claudius*.

^h The 4th f. R.'s octavo, T.'s duo-
decimo, W. and J. is *still* for *still is*.

ⁱ Here C. directs [*waking*.]

^k T. H. and W. *Varro* for *thou*; this
is W.'s emendation.

Bru.

Bru. Ay; saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother *Cassius*;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

¹ *Plains of Philippi.*

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Oct. **N**OW, *Antony*, our hopes are answered:
 You said, the enemy would not come down;
 But keep the hills and upper regions;
 It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
 They mean to ^m warn us at *Philippi* here,
 Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
 Wherefore they do it: they could be content
 To visit other places; and come down
 With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
 But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare, you generals;
 The enemy comes on in gallant shew;

¹ No description of the scene in the *fields of Philippi, with the two camps.*
 fo's.—*R.* and all after except *C.* the ^m *H.* wage for warn.

Their

Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And ⁿ something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the ^o even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; ^q Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others, attending.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, *Titinius*, we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, *Cæsar*, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal. [^r to his troops.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, *Octavius*.

Ant. In your bad strokes, *Brutus*, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in *Cæsar's* heart,

Crying, Long live! hail, *Cæsar*!

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

But for your words, ^s they rob the *Hybla* bees,

And leave them honeyless.

ⁿ H. *something's* for *something*; but the verb *is* in the foregoing line is here understood.

^o The 4th f. *evil* for *even*.

^p In P. H. W. and J. here the 2d

scene begins.
^q The following part of the direction added by C.

^r This direction first put in by C.

^s C. *you* for *they*.

Ant. Not stinglefs too.

Bru. ^u O yes, and foundlefs too;
For you have ftoln their buzzing, *Antony*,
And, very wifely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not fo, when your vile daggers
^v Hack'd one another in the fides of *Cæfar*:
You fhew'd your ^x teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing *Cæfar's* feet;
Whilst damned *Cafca*, like a cur, behind,
Struck *Cæfar* on the neck. O ^y you flatterers!

Caf. Flatterers?—Now, *Brutus*, thank yourfelf;
This tongue had not offended fo to-day,
If *Caffius* might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the caufe: If arguing make us ^z fweat.
The proof of it will turn to redder drops,
^a Look, I draw a fword againft confpirators;
When think you that the fword goes up again?
Never till *Cæfar's* ^b three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another *Cæfar*
Have added fllaughter to the fword of traitors.

Bru. *Cæfar*, thou canft not dye by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'ft them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to dye on *Brutus'* fword.

^u In *P.* and *H.* *Brutus* fays only, *You threat before you sting*, the reft of the fpeech being degraded to the margin.

^v The two laft fo's, *Hack* for *Hack'd*.

^x The 1st and 2d fo's, *teethes* for *teeth*.

^y *P.* and all after omit *you*.

^z The fo's, *fweet* for *sweat*.

^a *P.* and all after except *C.* *Behold* for *Look*.

^b All before *T.* *three and thirty* for *three and twenty*.

Bru. O if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not dye more honourable.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, ^c worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old *Cassius* still.

Oct. Come, *Antony*, away.—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth;
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and Army.*]

^d *Cas.* Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and swim,
bark:

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. ^e Ho, *Lucilius*, hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord. [^f *Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*]

Cas. *Messala*. [^g *Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius.*]

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. *Messala*,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was *Cassius* born. Give me thy hand, *Messala*:

Be thou my witness, that against my will,

As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,

And his opinion: now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

^c The first *f. worthless*; the other *fo's*,
worthies for *worthles*.

^d Here begins scene the third, in *P.*
H. W. and *J.*

^e *P.* and all after omit *Ho*.

^f *C.* omits this direction.

^g This direction first put in by *R.*
which *C.* alters to [*they converse apart*].

Coming from *Sardis*, on our ^z former ensign
 Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
 Who to *Philippi* here comforted us:
 This morning are they fled away, and gone;
 And in their ^h steads do ⁱ ravens, crows, and kites,
 Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
 As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
 A canopy most fatal, under which
 Our army lies, ready to give ^k up the ghost.

Mef. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
 For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
 To meet all ^l perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, ^m *Lucilius*.

Cas. Now, most noble *Brutus*,
 The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
 Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age!
 But since the affairs of men ⁿ rest still ^o uncertain,

^z So the fo's and C; the rest, *fore-* "its voice." If this be true, the altera-
mist for *former*; but there was no need tion seems necessary; but naturalists tell
 of this alteration; for though we now us that they are birds of different kind.
 mostly use *foremost* when we speak of ^k P. T. H. and W. omit *up*. But,
place, yet, even at this time, *former* is to give the ghost is scarcely English; at
 equally proper whether applied to time or least I don't recollect to have met with
place. the phrase without *up*.

^h The 1st and 2d fo's, *steads* for *steads*.

ⁱ W. reads *ravenous* for *ravens*; for, ^l So the first f. and C; the rest, *peril*
 he says, "a raven and a crow is, the for *perils*.
 "same bird of prey: the first name ta- ^m R. *Lucius* for *Lucilius*.
 "ken from its nature; the other from ⁿ The fo's, *rests* for *rest*.
^o All but C. *incertain* for *uncertain*.

Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this

The very last time we shall speak together:

What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,

^p By which I did blame *Cato* for the death

Which he did give himself. I know not how,

But I do find it cowardly and vile,

For fear of what might fall, so to prevent

The ^q time of life; ^r arming myself with patience,

To stay the providence of some high powers,

That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we ^s lose this battle,

You are contented to be led in triumph,

^t Thorough the ^u streets of *Rome*?

Bru. No, *Cassius*, no: think not, thou noble *Roman*,

That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*;

^p The 2d f. *Be* for *By*.

^q C. term for time.

^r *W.* says, "It is evident that between these words and the foregoing, a sentence is dropped out to this effect [on the contrary true courage is seen in the] arming myself with patience, &c. As the text stands at present, the two different sentiments of dislike and approbation are run together, as parts related to one another." *W.*

^s *J.* in order to make the construction plain, without supposing any thing lost, includes (*I know not how*, &c. to the time of life) in a parenthesis; but this is hard construction, for hereby he makes the participle *arming* to agree with the

pronoun *I* in the words, *I am determined to do (or act)* understood at the beginning of the speech; unless he makes it agree with *I*, in *By which did blame Cato*, &c. and then it will be *By which I (arming myself with patience, &c.) did blame Cato*, &c. but this cannot be the meaning of the passage. The construction is very easy, if we only make *arming* to agree with *I*, in *But I do find it*; &c.

^t The 1st and 2d fo's, *lose* for *lose*.

^u The 1st and 2d fo's read *Thorough*; the 3d and 4th and *R*, *Through*; *P.* (not finding *Through* to measure) alters it to *Along*, followed by *H.*

^v *R.*'s duodecimo, *street* for *streets*.

He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work w the ides of *March* begun :
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.

Therefore our everlasting farewell take :

For ever and for ever, farewell, *Cassius* !

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;

If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever and for ever, farewell, *Brutus* !

If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed ;

If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. O that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come !

But it sufficeth, that the day will end,

And then the end is known. Come, ho ! away ! [*Exeunt.*

* S C E N E II.

y *The Field of Battle.*

Alarums, z as of a Battle join'd. Enter Brutus, and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, *Messala*, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side : [^a *Loud alarum.*

Let them set on at once ; for I perceive

But cold demeanour in ^b *Octavius*' wing ;

^c And sudden push gives them the overthrow.

Ride, ride, *Messala* ; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

w The three last fo's, *that for the.*

a C. omits this direction.

x In *P. H. W.* and *J.* this is scene 4.

b The fo's and *R. Octavius*' for *Octavius*'.

y This description of the scene put in
by C.

c For *And H.* reads *One* ; *W.* and *J.*

z *As of a battle join'd*, put in by C.

A.

SCENE III.

^a *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter Cassius, and Titinius.

Cas. O look, *Titinius*, look, the villains fly !
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :
This ensign here of mine was turning back ;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early ;
Who, having some advantage on *Octavius*,
Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by *Antony* ^c are all enclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord :
Fly therefore, noble *Cassius*, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, *Titinius* ;
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire ?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. *Titinius*, if thou ^f lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again ; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether ^g yond troops are friend or enemy,

^a This description of the scene put in *are.*
by *C.*

^f The fo's and R. *lovest* for *lov'st*.

^c *P.* and all after except *C.* *were* for *g* *C.* *yon' for yond.*

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, *Pindarus*, get ^h thither on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

[ⁱ *Exit Pindarus.*]

This day I ^k breathed first; time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run ^l his compass.—^m *Sirrah*, what news?

Pin. [ⁿ *Appearing on the hill.*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. ° *Titinius* is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur—
Yet he spurs on—Now they are almost on him—
Now *Titinius*—Now some light—O he lights too—
He's ta'en—And hark, they shout for joy. [*Shout.*]

Cas. Come down; behold no more.—[*Pindarus disappears.*]
O coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, *sirrah*:
In *Parthia* did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath.
Now be a freeman, and with this good sword

^h The first f. *P.* and all after him except *C.* read *higher* for *thither*.

^m *P.* and all after except *C.* *Now* for *Sirrah*.

ⁱ No editions have this direction but *H.* and *C.*

ⁿ All but *H.* and *C.* direct [*above*.] they, [*within*].

^k The 3^d and 4th fo's, *breath'd* for *breathed*.

° Here *H.* and *C.* direct [*within*.]

^l *P.* *T.* *H.* and *W.* *its* for *his*.

^p This direction in no edition before.

Stand

That ran through *Cæsar's* bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the ^a hilts;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. — *Cæsar*, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [^r dies.

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O *Cassius*!
Far from this country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where never *Roman* shall take note of him. [Exit.

^s Enter *Titinius*, and *Messala*.

Mes. It is but change, *Titinius*; for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by noble *Brutus'* power,
As *Cassius'* legions are by *Antony*.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With *Pindarus* his bondman, on this hill.
Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No this was he, *Messala*,
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting sun
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood *Cassius'* day is set;
The ^t sun of *Rome* is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

^a P. and all after but C. hilt for
hills.

^s Here begins scene 5 in P. H. W.
and J.

^r No direction in the first f; the other
fo's direct Kills him; R. and all after,
except C. Kills himself.

^t The 1st f. *sunne*; the 2d, *sonne*;
the 3d and 4th and R.'s *octavo*, *son*.

Mef. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
 O hateful error, melancholy's child,
 Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
 The things that are not? " O error, soon conceiv'd,
 Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
 But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. " What, *Pindarus*! Where art thou, *Pindarus*?

Mef. Seek him, *Titinius*; whilst I go to meet
 The noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
 Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
 For piercing steel, and darts invenomed,
 Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,
 As tidings of this fight.

Tit. Hye you, *Messala*;
 And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while. [Exit *Messala*.
 Why didst thou send me forth, brave *Cassius*?
 Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
 And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
 Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing.
 But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
 Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
 Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
 And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*.—
 By your leave, gods—This is a *Roman's* part
 Come, *Cassius'* sword, and find *Titinius'* heart.

[^y Stabs himself, and dies.

* *P.* and all after except *J.* omit *C.* rection.

* *C.* *Why* for *What*.

* The *fo's* and *R.* have not this di- *fo's* and *C.*

Enter

² *Enter* Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius,
and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, *Messala*, doth his body lye?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Bru. *Titinius'* face is upward,

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O *Julius Cæsar*, thou art mighty yet;
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails ².

Cato. Brave *Titinius*!

Look ^b, whe'r he have not crown'd dead *Cassius*!

Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living such as these?—

^c Thou last of all the *Romans*, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever *Rome*

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe ^d more tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, *Cassius*, I shall find time.—

Come therefore, and to ^e *Thassos* send his body,

His ^f funeral shall not be in our camp,

² All but *C.* before the entrance direct *Alarum*, which is improper here.

^a Here all but *C.* direct *Let's Alarums*.

^b The fo's and *R.* read *where*; *P.* and all after except *C.* *if* for *whe'r*; *whe'r* is *C.*'s emendation, *whether* contracted.

^c The fo's, *The* for *Tbou*.

^d The 1st and 2d fo's, *mo*; the 3d and 4th, *more* for *more*.

^e The fo's, *R.* and *P.* for *Thassos* read *Tharsus*. *T.* says, "The whole tenor of history warrants us to write, as I have

" restored the text, *Thassos*.—*Tharsus*

" was a town of *Cilicia*, in *Asia Minor* :

" and is it probable, *Brutus* could think

" of sending *Cassius*'s body thither out of

" *Thrace*, where they were now in-

" camp'd? *Thassos*, on the contrary,

" was a little isle lying close upon

" *Thrace*, and at but a small distance

" from *Philippi*, to which the body

" might very commodiously be trans-

" ported. Vid. *Plutarch*, *Appian*, *Dion*

" *Cassius*, &c." *T.*

^f All before *P.* *funerals* for *funeral*.

Left it discomfort us. *Lucilius*, come;
 And come, young *Cato*; let us to the field;
^s *Labeo* and ^h *Flavius*, set our battles on.
 'Tis three o'clock; and, *Romans*, yet ere night
 We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

^k *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter, ^l fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then *Brutus*, ^m *Messala*, *Cato*, *Lucilius*, and *Flavius*.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not?—Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field—

I am the son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!

[ⁿ charges the retiring enemy.

Bru. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for *Brutus*.

[^o charges them in another part, and exit, driving them in,

The party charged by Cato rally, and Cato falls.

^g The fo's, R. P. and T.'s octavo, *Lab'o* for *Labeo*.

^h The 1st f. *Flavio* for *Flavius*.

ⁱ This scene 7. in P. H. W. and J.

^k The fo's and R. have no description of the scene; R. and all after except C. describe it, *The field of battel*.

^l The words, fighting, Soldiers of both

Armies; then, not in any edition before C.

^m C. omits *Messala* and *Flavius* out of this entrance; and, after *Lucilius*, adds, and Others.

ⁿ All but C. direct, Enter Soldiers and fight.

^o No direction in the fo's: All else but C. direct only, Exit.

Lucil.

Lucil. O young and noble *Cato*, art thou down?
Why, now thou dyest as bravely as *Titinius*;
And may'st be honoured, being *Cato's* son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou dyest.

Lucil. ^P Only I yield to dye:

^q There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;

[^r Offering money.]

^s Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not ^t—A noble prisoner ^u!

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I 'll tell ^w the news—Here comes the general—

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he? [^x they show *Lucilius*.]

Lucil. Safe, *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough:

I dare assure thee, that no enemy

^P *H.* reads *I only* for *Only I*.

^q *W.* supposes something lost before this line, and that as it stands it is unintelligible: therefore thinks it appears probable, that when *Lucilius* had said, *Only I yield to die*; the soldier, by a very natural curiosity, pertinently demanded, *Whether there was yet much resistance on the part of the enemy?* To which *Lucilius*, who had a mind to die, as pertinently answer'd,

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight; i. e. so much resistance still on foot, that thou wilt choose to rid me out of the way, that thou mayst go, without the embarras of prisoners, to the as-

sistance of thy friends who still want it, *W.*

To which *Heath* answers, that the sense is plain enough, without supposing any thing lost, viz. There is so much money for thee, on condition that thou wilt kill me straight. *Heath* in loc.

^v This direction put in by *J.*

^s *Lucilius* here pretends that he is *Brutus*, as a farther inducement to the soldier to kill him.

^t After *not C.* inserts *fir.*

^u All but *C.* direct *Antony* to enter here.

^w The fo's, *R.* and *P.*'s quarto, *thee* for *the*.

^x This direction first given by *C.*

Shall

Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus* :
 The gods defend him from so great a shame !
 When you do find him, ^y or alive, or dead,
 He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.

Ant. This is not *Brutus*, friend ; but, I assure you,
 A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe,
 Give him all kindness : I had rather have
 Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
 And see ^z whe'r *Brutus* be alive or dead :
 And bring us ^a word unto *Octavius*' tent,
 How every thing is chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

^c *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock,

Cli. *Statilius* shew'd the torch-light ; but, my lord,
 He came not back ; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus* : Slaying is the word ;
 It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee. *Clitus.* [^d *whispering.*]

Cli. What I, my lord ? No not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words,

^y *W.* omits *or*.

^z The fo's and *R.* read *where* ; *P.*
 and all after except *C.* if for *where*.

^a The three last fo's omit *word*.

^b This scene 3 in *P. H. W.* and *J.*

^c No description of scene in the fo's
 or *R.*

^d This direction first given by *R.*

Cli.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius*.

[^e *whispering*.

Dar. ^f Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O *Dardanius*.

Dar. O *Clitus*!

Cli. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, *Clitus*: look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,

That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, *Volumnius*:

The ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me

Two several times by night; at *Sardis* once,

And this last night here in *Philippi*-fields:

I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.

Thou seest the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [^g *low alarums*.

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,

Than tarry till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,

Thou know'st that we two went to school together;

Even for that our love of old, I ^h pr'ythee,

Hold thou my ⁱ sword's hilt, ^k whilst I run on it.

Vol. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarums still*,

^e No direction here before *C*.

^f *P.* and all after omit *Shall*.

^g *P.* and all after except *C*. omit *low*.

^h *C.* pray thee for pr'ythee; it is pre-

thee in the fo's and R.

ⁱ The 1st and 2d fo's, sword hilt for sword's hilt.

^k The two last fo's, and all after except *C*. while for whilst.

Cli.

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you—and you—and you, *Volumnius*—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
 1 Farewel to thee too, *Strato*—Countrymen,
 My heart doth joy, that yet 2 in all my life,
 I found no man, but he was true to me.
 I shall have glory by this 3 losing day,
 More than *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
 By this vile conquest, shall attain unto.
 So, fare you well at once; for *Brutus*' tongue
 Hath almost ended his 4 life's history:
 Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,
 That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

Alarums. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly!

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence; I will follow 5. [*d* *Exeunt* *Cli.* *Dar.* and *Vol.*
 I pr'ythee, *Strato*, stay thou by thy lord:
 Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
 Thy life hath had some snatch of honour 6 in it:
 Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato*?

Stra. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord;

Bru. Farewel, good *Strato*—*Cæsar*, now be still;
 I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*f* runs on his sword, and dies.

7 All before *T.* read, Farewel to thee,
 to *Strato*, &c.

2 The three last fo's omit in.

3 The fo's, losing for losing.

4 The fo's, lives for life's.

c After follow *P.* and all after add
 thee.

d This direction first given by *C.*

e *P.* and all after except *C.* in 't for
 in it.

f The fo's direct only, dies.

Alarums.

Alarums. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army, Lucilius, and Messala.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. *Strato*, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, *Messala*;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;

For *Brutus* only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucil. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee, *Brutus*,
That thou hast prov'd *Lucilius*' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd *Brutus*, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if *Messala* will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, 's good *Messala*.

Mes. How dy'd my ^h master, *Strato*?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. *Octavius*, ⁱ then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did, in envy of great *Cæsar*;
He only in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixt in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This was a man.

^g C. omits good.

read lord for master.

^h So the 1st f. and C; the 2d f. omits
master; the 3d and all the other editions

ⁱ H. reads take him then for then take
him.

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lye,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest; and let 's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.





